THE LIVING AGE

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for April, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THE DISTINCT possibility that Germany will undergo a revolution whose effects will be fatal to Europe and the world at large has stimulated Count Wladimir d'Ormesson to put forward a radical plan of Franco-American co-operation. His proposal is that France during the next two years should allow Germany a fifty-per-cent cut in the unconditional Young Plan payments and that the United States during the same period should cut the conditional payments in two by asking only half as much money from the Allies in payment of war debts. In return for this generosity Germany would cut her military expenditures by one-twelfth and France, as a token of good will and as a means of saving the money she would ordinarily be receiving from Germany, would make a similar reduction. Because the United States would be called upon to forgo twice as much money as the French,—since the conditional Young Plan payments that pass from Germany through the hands of the Allies and then on to the United States in the form of war-debt payments are about twice as large as the unconditional payments to France,—we have given our own title to Count d'Ormesson's plea—'Come Over and Help Us.' Whatever one may think of his suggestion, it shows that the French are thoroughly scared that Germany will default altogether and that any real reduction in German reparations payments means a sacrifice on the part of the United States.

STALIN'S speech urging the industrial leaders of Russia to push through most of the Five-Year Plan in three years is a document of the first importance. With the State Department entering upon a new and exhaustive study of the present position in Russia, any first-hand material of this nature is of peculiar interest to American readers. But what seems to us the most remarkable feature of the speech is its curious blend of nationalism and internationalism. One is left somewhat skeptical as to the sincerity of Stalin's promises to the world proletariat, but there is no doubt at all that he is summoning the sons of Mother Russia to a terrific effort that cannot but increase their national, at the expense of their class, consciousness.

RECENT events are bearing out Leo Lania's contention that the Vatican is definitely turning against the Fascist movement in every country. After years of studied tolerance, the Roman Catholic cardinals of Germany have openly begun urging the faithful to shun Hitler and his ways, recognizing, no doubt, that the step from violent chauvinism to violent Communism is a short one. Mussolini has been trying to have it both ways, encouraging the Nazis in Germany and conciliating the Pope in Italy. Quite possibly he may again succeed in propitiating the Holy Father, but, as far as Germany is concerned, war is declared between the Hitlerites and the Church, which is particularly strong in Bavaria, where the National Socialist movement had its beginnings.

COLIN ROSS is already familiar to our readers as a German journalist of English antecedents who has spent the last ten years on a leisurely and exhaustive world tour. In the two essays of his that we present in this issue he shows first why emigration has gone out of fashion and then makes a plea for recognizing the element of irrationality that is inherent in the modern rationalized world. Social-

(*Continued on page 219*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

TWO SCHOOLS of thought are now dividing every political party in England. On one side stand the apostles of what the Conservatives call 'muddling through' and what the Laborites call 'the inevitability of gradualness.' On the other side stand the radicals,—Liberal, Labor, and Conservative,—demanding either a drastic economic plan or a more aggressive nationalism, or both. The former group includes the old-line Conservative and Labor leaders and the Asquithian Liberals—such as Baldwin, MacDonald, and Lord Grey, respectively. The latter group includes a varied assortment of rebels—Winston Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook from the Conservatives, Lloyd George and his dwindling body of Liberals, and Sir Oswald Mosley and the adherents of his own so-called 'New Party.' The 'Conservationists,' as the non-radical elements might be dubbed, believe in sitting tight until the present economic blizzard has subsided, and some of them even profess to read signs of hope in the sky. The *Economist*, which is not given to cheap optimism, takes courage from the Wall Street flurries, the Franco-Italian naval agreement, the conversations between Gandhi and Lord Irwin, and a slackening in the increase of unemployment. Although admitting that some of these occurrences are 'of dubious or intangible importance,' it does offer this substantial crumb of comfort:—

> Two years ago the alarming fact about this country was that she appeared to be failing to ascend to the level of moderate prosperity achieved and held by many

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other countries. This experience gave birth to the fear that, as the great depression gathered force, Britain would suffer more gravely than any other country. This has not occurred, and when we remember the natural and inevitable sensibility and vulnerability of Britain's peculiar economic position in the world it is remarkable that, after eighteen months of accentuated depression, she should be weathering the storm better than some of her chief industrial rivals.

In our view the reason for this is that in the three years preceding the slump—in spite of Sir O. Mosley's defeatist views regarding our international trade—we had been slowly strengthening our competitive position by rationalization and by a slow process of readjustment of costs. The landslide in trade and in prices has made a new adjustment of prices, wages, and salaries probably inevitable. But we stand at a lesser disadvantage than before. If we will only pursue as our main, indeed our sole, objective the preparing of the country to resume its place as the leader of world trade; and if this is our guiding line in all spheres of policy—economic, financial, and political—there is no reason why we should not be the first to benefit from the turn in the tide.

But the predominating tone of press criticism is far from cheerful. J. L. Garvin devotes one of his weekly prophetic utterances in the columns of the *Observer* to urging what amounts to a Lloyd George dictatorship:—

If he declared that party is not enough; if he broke away from those of his present adherents who refused to follow him; if he appealed to all parties and to the millions of citizens high and low who distrust and reject them all to-day; if he came out for national government as in the War with a tariff for revenue and real anti-dumping legislation as part of its binding principles; if he carried his campaign in that spirit throughout the country—then, as we deliberately believe, he would become again, and at once, the strongest personal force in politics. Like all memorable men of action, he must give his life to have it; he must give his present political life to have another and a greater. He must either turn out this Administration sooner, unless it broadens its mind and its ways, or go down with it later. But if he is to turn out this minority government, let him prepare to stand at any cost for a national government at last. The present welter of political weakness and confusion is a disgrace to British common sense.

But Sir Oswald Mosley has other plans, which the *Manchester Guardian* describes as follows:—

He has audacity and money, both essential to the founding of new parties. And he has a policy which is not purely that of any other party, though it appears to borrow freely from all of them. Broadly speaking, his policy resembles that of the German Hitlerites in painting economic nationalism on a Socialistic background. But the Hitler analogy does not do justice to the intellectual basis of the Mosley appeal.

For this appeal combines with chauvinism a demand for 'national planning.' Shortly before Mosley quit the Labor Party, the Conservative *Week-end Review* issued a supplement outlining what it called 'A National Plan for Great Britain' which attracted favorable comments from members of every party, and it is the intention of the 'New Party'

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to push forward just such a scheme. The first issue of the combined *New Statesman and Nation*, which now calls itself an independent journal of the left, also demands coördinated effort:—

> Of course there is danger in any 'plan.' We may plan wrongly. But it is safer to plan than not to plan even if there is an element of risk. Politically the danger to democracy of not doing anything is far greater than the danger of making a mistake. Dictatorships—the lesson is writ large all over Europe—arise not because constitutional governments are reckless—they never are—but because democracy is often timid, slow, and inefficient. That need not happen in this country, where we have the intelligence, if we have the will, to plan.
>
> If you are lost in a wood there are three courses open to you. You may ineffectively rush about in any and all directions like the parties of Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook; you may sit down until your rations give out, as Mr. Snowden would have us do; you may, if you are sensible, choose a likely path and without knowing exactly where it goes follow it in the belief that sooner or later it will take you out of the wood. If Labor fails to face the issue we shall find ourselves with a Tory plan, which will be no plan at all for England, but a policy of lowering our standard of living, increasing that economic nationalism which is the temptation and curse of an anarchic world, and sacrificing the wage-earner and the public interest to the *rentier* and the monopolist. The real issue is a national plan or a slow process of national stagnation.

Bernard Shaw has as usual hit the topical nail on the head in a statement written for the *Welt am Abend* of Berlin, which asked him for his opinion of Hitler's 'Third Reich' movement:—

> The Third Reich owes its existence and its vogue solely to the futility of liberal parliamentarism on the English model. What we need now is positive and efficient state control and enterprise and initiative everywhere. What we get is resistance to the state, obstruction, and endless talk about liberty—200 years out of date.
>
> Hence we are being swept into the dustbin by Steel Helmets, Fascists, dictators, military councils, and anything else that represents a disgusted reaction against our obsolescence and uselessness. The remedy is to reform our political institutions and set to work on social problems with new and effective political machinery so as to outbid the Third Reich in efficiency and rapidity of social change.
>
> If we do this, the Steel Helmets will melt in the sun. If not, no eloquence about democracy, no protest in the name of liberty will help us in the least. We shall simply be kicked out of the way; and serve us right.

PHILIP SNOWDEN'S personality has again caught the popular imagination of Great Britain as it did at the time of the Hague Conference, although his dogged warning that taxation cannot be raised any higher and that all expenditures, including those on the social services, must be kept down does more credit to him as a man than as a Chancellor of the Exchequer. For with all due respect to the courage he showed in criticizing his own party, 'it is a little late in the day,' as the *Times*

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remarked, 'to sound the fog horn, however impressively, when the ship is on the rocks.' The Conservative *Saturday Review* is still more hostile. In a leading editorial entitled 'The Incompetence of Mr. Snowden' it argues as follows:—

> The plain fact is that Mr. Snowden has not, and never has had, a policy. He has achieved a reputation for firmness that he has done nothing to deserve, and he has been acclaimed as an orthodox financier in spite of the crushing burdens that he has placed on industry. It is true that he was gratuitously rude to a French finance minister at the Hague, and he has resolutely refused even to consider any proposal that involves the imposition of a tariff, but, unless bad manners and obstinacy be a title to respect, we do not see what attributes the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to commend him. His attitude has always been purely negative, and not one constructive suggestion has ever emanated from him.

And there is another 'plain fact' that the *Saturday Review* does not mention. Early in April Mr. Snowden will have to present the country with one of the sorriest budgets in British history, and he is therefore intrenching himself in advance against adverse criticism. 'I have been active in political life for forty years,' he remarked, 'and my only object has been to improve the lot of the toiling millions.' There speaks the seasoned parliamentarian who knows, among other things, that a strong attitude with a liberal dose of demagogy never counted for more in British public life than it does to-day.

SENATOR BORAH is always quoted with respect in the British press no matter whether he is discussing international or domestic affairs. More interest than usual, however, has been attached to his recent remarks on the subject of unemployment, which brought forth the following paragraph in the Liberal *Nation and Athenæum:*—

> Few Englishmen will be able to read without a glow of pride the sturdy declaration made by Senator Borah:—
>
> 'They talk of how England established the dole and now is unable to get rid of it. England will get rid of the dole when she can get rid of the economic depression that has made it necessary. On the day when Englishmen can get their jobs back, Parliament will end the dole with the consent of those who have received it. . . . We place too little faith in the courage, pride, and self-reliance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Neither Americans nor English ever have been dole-gatherers, nor will they ever be.'
>
> There speaks John Bull! We have not heard his accents on this side of the Atlantic for twenty years. Such confidence warms the heart; but is it well founded? So far as very many Englishmen—and Americans—are concerned, it undoubtedly is. But could anyone speak in those terms in Great Britain to-day without a risk of ironical laughter from his audience? There are too many exceptions known to everybody for that risk to be taken, and it is the dole that is manufacturing the dole-gatherers.

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Since Philip Snowden asserted at a later date that the dole saved England from social turmoil, it is rather surprising to find so radical a paper as the *Nation* severely criticizing its moral effects.

PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL of Sweden, world-champion 'gold-bug' economist, has reiterated in the Annual Commercial and Financial Supplement of the London *Times* his belief that gold is responsible for the present depression. Writing in the *Week-end Review*, Lord D'Abernon quoted a prophecy uttered by the professor in 1928 to the effect that the United States was allowing too much gold to lie idle instead of investing it abroad. The same warning is repeated more urgently to-day:—

> The truth is that the present supply of gold is insufficient to support the progressive economy of the world, and that it is now necessary to economize the use of gold by enlarging the supply of means of payment on the basis of a given quantity of gold. Since the middle of 1929, however, actual development of monetary policy has gone in an opposite direction. Indeed, the sudden breakdown of commodity prices can only be explained by two events on the monetary side that have come into the foreground since the middle of 1929.
>
> The first of these events is the deliberate restriction of credit undertaken by the Federal Reserve System in 1929 in order to combat the New York Stock Exchange speculation. This restriction had an effect that was not intended, inasmuch as it pressed down commodity prices. Once these prices had begun to fall confidence was shaken and productive enterprise was hampered.
>
> The second factor that since the middle of 1929 has tended to reduce the world's supply of means of payment is the very unequal distribution of gold caused by the tremendous gold imports into France and the United States. From June 1929 to September 1930, the gold holdings of the United States increased by $203,000,000 and those of France by $462,000,000. This makes an aggregate of $665,000,000 in fifteen months. Considering that the world's total gold production in such a period amounts to about $500,000,000, we find that the monetary gold demand of two single countries has considerably surpassed, during the said period, the total gold production of the world.

Professor Cassel then comes to this conclusion:—

> If it is to be possible for the world to enjoy normal economic progress on the basis of the gold standard, it can no longer be admitted that laws, organizations, traditions, or customs shall in any country be accepted as excuses for disproportionate demands on the world's available gold supplies. A restriction of the monetary demands for gold is urgently required, and in this reform the lead must obviously be taken by those countries whose gold demands are at present excessively large.

AT THE same moment that Aristide Briand was refusing to invite the Russians to the European economic conference held in Paris at the end of February, Jean Parmentier, a powerful French financier, was

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giving an interview to Jules Sauerwein, M. Briand's mouthpiece on *Le Matin*, urging the nations of Europe to form a 'united front' against the 'economic offensive' of Russia. M. Parmentier, fresh from Moscow, prophesied that the Five-Year Plan would succeed to the extent of 75 or 80 per cent and that its success would be an immense danger to Europe. He pointed out that Russian oil exports had increased from 2,720,000 tons in 1928 to 4,600,000 tons in 1930 and that if the Russians succeed in producing 17,000,000 tons of cast iron a year, they will be able to dump nine or ten million tons in Europe—twice as much as they sent before the War. Although the effects of Russian dumping will be most serious in manufacturing countries like Germany and England, France, in the person of M. Briand, is taking the initiative in urging common political action. The *Journal des Débats* makes this comment:—

> The leaders of Bolshevism have audaciously and easily played off one foreign government against another. Championed by Socialists and by advocates of increased international trade, they have made use of what credits they have obtained to work against the civilized world. The United States has played a great part in this whole business by furnishing Russia with the resources now being used against Europe. Germany, with other ideas in mind, has also shown indulgence to the Soviets. To-day the Five-Year Plan and Russian dumping are seriously challenging the attention of Europe while the Soviets are methodically waging revolutionary war in order to shake to its foundations the civilization they propose to destroy.

UNEMPLOYMENT has not only arrived in France, it is even receiving public recognition—and American readers need not be reminded that the distinction is a vital one. The prefect of the Seine has issued a regulation for the payment of unemployment allowances in Paris, and in the north of France 750,000 textile operatives are working short time while many additional thousands have no work at all. Employers have threatened to reduce wages, but the general secretary of the Textile Workers' Federation has brought up Mr. Ford's argument that reduced wages mean reduced purchasing power. The mine owners are also planning wage reductions, which has led the left-wing unions to threaten a strike. M. Laval, who owes his premiership to his skill in negotiating labor disputes, is trying to bring the employers and employees together. Should difficulties of this kind increase—and there is every reason to suppose that they will—it is reasonable to believe that French foreign policy may become less aggressive. Domestic difficulties in England have had more than a little to do with the conciliatory line that the country has taken in India and toward the world at large. Possibly a first-rate economic crisis in France is the only way of securing a new deal in Europe.

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JULIUS CURTIUS, Foreign Minister of Germany, created something of a sensation when he was reported by an indiscreet Viennese journalist as having said that the Franco-Italian naval agreement may have involved certain concessions on the part of the British in the matter of French land armaments. But Dr. Curtius need not have gone further than the columns of the conservative *Journal des Débats* of Paris to find support for his fears. Here is what Pierre Bernus, an authoritative writer on French foreign policy, has to say on the subject of a possible Franco-British entente:—

> We should not forget that any diminution of our sea forces has a repercussion on the organization of our land defenses. In 1932 the most tenacious efforts will be made to decrease our means of defense, since it is the publicly declared intention of certain interests to destroy the present treaties and prepare for new European upheavals. Great Britain must assure us that she will not favor manœuvres that would, if they developed freely, soon threaten both our own vital interests and the peace of Europe itself. And this is the moment to discuss this subject in all frankness. No one has any esteem for men or nations who, out of pure weakness, do not know how to defend their cause, especially when it is as good a cause as ours, which is, indeed, the cause of European peace. If the occasion which offered itself was not profited from, the most elementary principles of diplomacy have been lost from view.

Nor is the *Journal des Débats* alone in hinting that the French have secured a guarantee of British support at next year's Disarmament Conference. *Le Temps*, speaking for the Quai d'Orsay, says that 'the confident collaboration of France and England is a powerful instrument of concord and peace' and that 'the true spirit of the Entente Cordiale is one of the essential factors in any policy of European concord.' In the more irresponsible *Paris-Midi*, Gabriel Perreux asserts that England and Italy are now at the side of France to prevent 'any hasty demagogic outbidding' at the conference, where Germany will be put in a corner. *Humanité*, the official organ of the Communists, announces that France has succeeded in drawing Italy and England into an anti-Russian combination.

ANTI-SEMITISM, always a strong force in Germany, is more active to-day than it has been for years. Hitler, of course, has exploited race prejudice and profited from it more than any other politician, but the conditions that made his success possible are likely to survive even his own fame. For, with the collapse of the Hohenzollerns, the German Jews came into their own. The power that the military aristocracy had once exercised fell into the hands of Socialists, bankers, and industrialists, many of them people of Jewish blood. Thus the lower middle

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class, even more than the workers, find it natural to blame all their troubles on the Jews, who have never had a better opportunity to exercise their quick wits, business abilities, and desperate courage. An anonymous writer on the Conservative *Saturday Review* of London who signs himself 'A German Jew' says:—

> It is, of course, a fairy tale that the Jews control the whole of Germany's trade, industry, and banking system. They are, however, rather influential in the Democratic press (*Frankfurter Zeitung*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, and *Vossische Zeitung*) and hold decisive interests in the big chain of store trusts. As the rapid development of these stores, which is only one side of the general tendency toward rationalization, is naturally extremely harmful to the small shopkeeper, it is easy enough to stir up these people against the 'Jewish stores.' The National Socialists, who use this anti-store propaganda as a special means of attracting followers, seem to forget that the Jewish middle-class population is just as much harmed through such conditions as anyone else. In this connection, the Fascists like to distinguish between the 'working' (Christian) and the 'earning' (Jewish) capitalism. 'Bloodsucker' is quite a usual anti-Semitic term for a Jew.
>
> Striving for economic power is, however, not the only reproach made to German Jewry; they are also alleged to falsify and destroy the genuine German culture. As always, the really modern tendencies in art, literature, and theatre are but little appreciated by the large public. Achievements, such as the new style of architecture or the latest type of the critical novel, are considered 'revolutionary, Bolshevist, and Jewish.' It is certainly true that Jews play a prominent part in German scientific, literary, and stage life. Albert Einstein, Lion Feuchtwanger, Stefan Zweig, Arnold Zweig, Max Reinhardt, and Sigmund Freud are but a few names. They surely give German culture a peculiar tone. It is, however, quite another question whether their influence is bad for Germany.

We refer our readers to Emil Ludwig's ironic review of his autobiography in our 'Books Abroad' department. It is a remarkable and not altogether conscious revelation of the attitude of mind into which the sensitive German of Jewish blood has been forced in recent years.

THE KIND OF alarmist who lies awake at night worrying about race suicide is likely to lose still more sleep in the light shed by a new German work entitled *The International Birth Strike*, by Dr. Ernst Kahn, who proves that the population of Germany will sink from its present figure of sixty-five millions to less than fifty millions by 1975. The reason, in a nutshell, is that the decline in births due to the War has not yet ended and that the present tendency to have small families gives every evidence of continuing and even of becoming more marked. The actual figures are as follows. Although the marriage-rate in Germany rose between 1915 and 1929, only seventeen and a half million births occurred in that time as against twenty-nine and a half millions in the preceding fifteen-year period. The generation born between 1900 and 1910 is now

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getting married and raising children, but, when the war-time generation comes to maturity, there will be fewer people of marriageable age.

More important, however, is the diminishing birth-rate. There are now less than two children—including illegitimates—per family and it is calculated that three are needed to maintain the *status quo*. The practice of birth control seems to be spreading from the cities to the country districts, for in 1901, when the number of children per marriage averaged 4.4 throughout the nation, the Berlin rate was 1.9 lower. Now the Berlin rate is only 1.02 less, the rate in the rest of the Reich having sunk even more rapidly. Dr. Kahn predicts that the number of children will drop to 1.5 per marriage by 1950 and remain constant at that figure, while infant mortality will drop from 10 per cent to 3 per cent and adult mortality will decrease 20 per cent. That the other states of Europe will follow a similar line of development seems more than likely.

KING ALFONSO has again proved himself to be the most skillful politician in Spain. When the same Republican movement that attempted a revolution in December made an even stronger bid for power two months later, Sanchez Guerra, who had declared only a year ago that Don Alfonso was unfit to rule, was invited by his monarch to form a ministry. For a moment the King seemed to have capitulated, but when Señor Guerra failed to present a satisfactory cabinet—many of its prospective members were in jail—it became evident that he had been manœuvred into encompassing his own downfall. Admiral Aznar, a harmless but distinguished old man, then became titular head of the strongest government that Spain has had in years. Two of its members, Count Romanones and the Marquis of Alhucemas, are ex-prime ministers, and General Berenguer is Secretary of War. The political complexion of the new Cabinet is Liberal-Monarchist and it signifies a real change from the dictatorship, since eight strong men instead of one now occupy positions of responsibility.

Difficulties, however, have not been slow to arise. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, quotes one member of the Cabinet as having said to him:—

> We are the strangest Cabinet in the world, because each time we meet no one has the slightest idea what our decisions are going to be. Most cabinets have a common policy, but we have none. We represent all shades of political opinion, and there must necessarily be a lot of give and take if we are going to hold together.

One of his colleagues then elaborated the situation more fully:—

> You must bear in mind that Spain is not like the rest of Europe. We are essentially behind in most things. The political conscience of the Spanish people is

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gradually awakening, but serious issues cannot as yet be left to the voters with safety, as they well might be to people with highly developed political instruction.

In Spain local issues obscure the main problems, and it would be impossible to get a straight vote, say, on the question of a monarchy or a republic. We have got carefully to consider reforms in electoral law, so that little communes of not more than a few thousand voters, who are interested only in local questions, shall not jeopardize the future government of Spain.

Another grave issue with us is that minorities are not content, as in other constitutional countries, to accept the fact that they must bow to the will of the majority. When they are defeated by a vote they often proceed to seek some illegal means, by force or revolution, to obtain their ends. The spirit of constitutional government is not yet fully developed in the Spanish people.

Meanwhile the people of Spain contemplate the whole affair with characteristic apathy, merely remarking, 'Only the King knows his own mind. The politicians can do nothing but talk.'

SEVERAL Polish patriots have written us indignant letters protesting against the publication of 'Poland's Reign of Terror' in our February issue, in which some of the more gruesome atrocities committed by Pilsudski's underlings in the Ukraine were related in detail. We are therefore glad to take this opportunity to mitigate any misapprehensions this entirely accurate piece of reporting may have caused by quoting from a leading editorial in *Le Temps* that praises a recent speech by the Polish Foreign Minister, Zaleski. *Le Temps*, taking a long-range and sympathetic view of Poland's international problems, points out that the country has no desire for war on any front and that it is serving as one of the chief European bulwarks against Bolshevism. Special attention is drawn to Zaleski's statement that his Government has no intention of ceding the Danzig Corridor to Germany in return for Lithuania:—

There is one passage in Zaleski's recent declaration that ought to be underlined. This is the one in which the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs formally denies the rumors concerning a possible exchange of Polish Pomerania for Lithuania. The Germans are constantly proclaiming that the problem of their eastern frontier can be solved only by Poland's returning the Polish Corridor, including Danzig, to Germany and annexing Lithuania, including Memel, by way of compensation. M. Zaleski believes that any form of barter between nations or parts of nations is impossible, not only because the regions that would be handed back to Germany are inhabited by a population where Poles predominate, but also because Poland cherishes no aggressive designs on Lithuania. 'For us,' said M. Zaleski, 'there is no question of revising the frontiers of the Polish Republic. On this subject we shall enter into no discussions with anybody.'

Le Temps concludes by chiding Gottfried Treviranus, Minister without Portfolio in the Brüning Cabinet, for continuing his demands for a readjustment of Germany's eastern frontier.

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WITH FURTHER concessions in India becoming more probable as a result of the conversations between Gandhi and Lord Irwin, the Conservative press of London is beginning to give up hope of maintaining a firm British rule in India and is concentrating on saving what it can from the wreckage. Professor Maurice Gerothwohl, diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, has written a plea for the Anglo-Indians, who are gradually being ousted from many branches of the Indian Civil Service. To-day, for instance, twenty thousand Anglo-Indians hold positions in the central and provincial governments as against 34,000 ten years ago. There is not a single Anglo-Indian judge left, and in the province of Bengal the percentage of Anglo-Indians connected with the administration has dropped from 90 per cent to 10 per cent since 1920. Yet the Anglo-Indian representatives at the Round-Table Conference made but two demands; they requested improved educational facilities and three-year guarantees against further displacements in the Civil Service. Mr. MacDonald declared at the close of the conference that minorities could not be protected indefinitely and that they would have to look out for themselves, as his own Scotch forbears had done. But Professor Gerothwohl took issue with this analogy:—

> Mr. MacDonald forgot that India is a very different country from England. The necessity for safeguards for the minorities is a very vital question in the East. In England there are common customs, a common language, and a common religion that bind the English people together.
>
> In India, on the other hand, the whole problem is concerned with religious differences. In India the need for safeguards would disappear if, and only when, Christians and Moslems had become Hindus—an impossible outlook. Moreover, in the case of the Anglo-Indian community, their very origin and social and economic isolation places them in a singular position—formerly to their advantage, but at this juncture to their disadvantage, in view of the spread of nationalism.
>
> The Hindu Nationalist has now succeeded by Indianization in getting rid of the Englishman. His desire now is to get rid of that offspring of the Englishman —the Anglo-Indian. Will Great Britain view with equanimity the extinction of a loyal community with such a splendid record of service to the Empire?

As far as the chances of some final settlement of the Indian problem are concerned, this paragraph from the *Nation and Athenæum* sums up the present position:—

> The last seventy years have instilled a deep distrust of the Government, and while in their hearts many Indians think that the proposed constitution is almost too bold and rapid a change, they fear that they will find themselves tricked in the end, either by a change of government in England, or by some legal quibble. They are therefore loath to come out openly in favor of the new proposals, and there are still several matters that are open to negotiation. It would be against all Oriental tradition to show any satisfaction until the agreement is signed, sealed, and delivered.

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ACCORDING to the *Repertorio Americano*, a singularly enlightened weekly published in Costa Rica, the revolutionary epidemic from which Latin America has been suffering is due in part to the world economic crisis and in part to the incompetence of native politicians:—

> The fundamental cause of all these political movements is economic. Our countries depend upon the industrial regions of the world, and the crisis which the capitalist system is undergoing has been most violent in those countries with the least power of resistance. But there is also a political consideration. Our Latin American dictatorships arise from the complex nature of our national problems and from the inability of our rulers to face these problems in accordance with our democratic systems of government.
>
> A dictatorship, in the modern sense of the word, implies organization, programme, discipline, and, above all, capacity for leadership; but in Latin America it means disorganization, lack of programme, anarchy, and incompetence. The more difficult and complicated the task of leadership becomes, the more our rulers attempt to save the situation by sheer instinct. Against tyrannies without programmes rise rebellions without programmes. As force rather than principle is the fundamental premise of these tyrannies, it is force that triumphs and becomes enshrined.
>
> But in spite of everything we are advancing, as is indicated by the fact that backward parties and leaders are finding the task of government increasingly difficult. Fifty years ago a feudal lord or a barrack commander could govern a Latin American nation. To-day, our countries are something more than large estates or barracks. Men and parties that do not have a clear, realistic conception of our problems and a knowledge of scientific government will only engender fresh tyranny.

SHORTLY after the Prince of Wales had set forth on his royal task of peddling British goods in South America, Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary General of the League of Nations, returned to London from a ten weeks' tour through the same part of the world. Although Sir Eric's duties were diplomatic rather than commercial, he too did his share in driving wedges between the various Latin American countries as well as between the northern and southern continents of the New World. The purpose of his visit was to explain that the League of Nations is establishing peace on earth and he was therefore painfully surprised to find that most of the leading politicians and journalists fear a European war in the near future. He discovered that the Argentine, which is still half in the League and half out, believes that the Geneva organization conflicts with the Monroe Doctrine and that other countries have a feeling that the permanent members of the League Council possess advantages over the other states. Sir Eric informed them, however, that all their fears are mistaken and then pointed out that though all the Latin American nations produce raw materials, these materials differ widely. He urged

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them to establish relationships with the consuming and manufacturing countries of Europe rather than organize among themselves.

ALTHOUGH Russia and China have the longest frontier in common of any two nations in the world, their dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway still prevents their governments from granting each other diplomatic recognition. At the request of Mr. C. T. Wang, the Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr. Mo Teh-hui went to Moscow to negotiate a treaty with L. M. Karakhan, the former Soviet Ambassador to China, but it was expressly stipulated that the Chinese delegate should discuss no other topic. His strict adherence to these instructions and the defeats of Generals Feng and Yen, whom the Russians had hoped would occupy Nanking while Central China was being made safe for Communism, brought the negotiations to an end. For, while the Nanking Government was fighting off revolt, it was also fulfilling the protocol it had signed with the Russians at Khabarovsk in December 1929, so that Karakhan had no cause to protest that the railway was being mismanaged. Since Nanking refuses to recognize Moscow until the railway controversy is settled, the Russians are now doing what they can to encourage Communism in the cities of China and on the estates of the great landowners, where more recruits can be found than among the peasant proprietors. Also, the continuing tendency of the Chinese to organize private armies and to fight among themselves is playing into the hands of the Russians.

DR. MAX JORDAN, former Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has just completed a journalistic tour of the Pacific Ocean, where he discovers that two great changes have occurred in the past ten years. China is now freed from European dominance and the United States, as the first great power to grasp this fact, has usurped the prime position that Britain once held. But these changes are not without dangers that will increase for at least a generation. The British Dominions have had to swallow the bitter pill of Anglo-American naval equality and the United States, as a result of its refusal to allow immigration from Asia, must reckon on increasing pressure from Chinese coolies, who not only far outnumber the Japanese but who offer a more dangerous threat to the standard of living of the white race. And Russia may at any moment become a powerful factor, since Moscow is directing most of its attention to the Far East rather than to Europe. Dr. Jordan insists that the 'Pacific world' is by no means a unity but that the selfishness of the chief white powers is forcing the yellow races to make common cause against further exploitation.

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Here is the full text of one of the great documents of our time—the 'D'Ormesson Plan' for rehabilitating Europe. Addressed to the United States, it has already provoked wide discussion in Europe and the world press generally.

Come Over *and* Help Us

By WLADIMIR D'ORMESSON

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Internationalist Weekly

EUROPE is suffering from a deep-seated economic disease that has also affected the United States and the whole world. A political disease is increasing the gravity of the economic crisis. But the development of the latter disease and its present bitter character are results of the intense economic depression.

In the middle of Europe stands Germany, an industrial country *par excellence* that has been severely hit by the world crisis. Its economic system is laboring under an ever-growing burden of unemployment. To-day there are 4,760,000 men officially listed as out of work, not counting the partially unemployed. To-morrow there will no doubt be five millions. The alarmist state of mind, the confusion of the political parties, the demagogic ferment that has been increasing during the past few months on the other side of the Rhine arise almost exclusively from this diseased condition. The longer no improvement occurs and the longer conditions go from bad to worse as they are doing now, the more danger there is of disaster. At the present moment, the Reich is still governed by a courageous, realistic, moderate, cool-headed man who is firmly supported by the Centre Party and the Social Democrats, a man who has proved himself to possess a remarkable spirit of political abnegation.

But will Chancellor Brüning be able to maintain himself in power in the face of the severe opposition of the right- and left-wing extremists unless something happens to prove to the suffering masses of Germans that his policy is the only one under present

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circumstances that can serve their cause? For the overthrow of Brüning means chaos, and not for Germany alone. It would be a severe blow at the economic structure of the whole world, at all civilization. Only the forces of revolution would profit.

We therefore find ourselves at a turning point of extreme seriousness. A feeble barrage still holds the forces of disorder and destruction in check. Will this barrage grow more effective in the future or will it weaken? Under pressure of economic and social forces will Europe evolve along the path of reason and coördinate its vital interests, or will it plunge into anarchy and violence? That is the problem that outweighs all others.

Now I do not maintain that this problem is easy to solve, but I do say that there is still time to solve it decisively and that it is up to the nations that realize their own strength and soundness to make every effort not to miss the opportunity that they now enjoy to swing the scales in the right direction.

Germany has turned her eyes toward France. That is one fact. She has also turned her eyes toward the United States. That is another fact. Why is she doing this? Because to-day France and the United States, in spite of their grievous difficulties, are the two most substantial powers, the two best equipped to master the crisis that has fallen upon the whole world. But, just because France is absorbed with her own immediate considerations and just because the United States remains profoundly suspicious of Europe, many Germans are beginning to despair of reason's prevailing over unreason. Such a situation at a moment when the future of Europe is at stake forces us all to take account of our responsibilities.

MANY objections can, of course, be raised, and unimpeachable statistics prove that Germany is now paying for imprudent rationalization and for a disorderly series of fiscal laws. But these objections would apply only to a nation in good health. They have no bearing on a nation suffering from fever. Moreover, we must recognize that Chancellor Brüning is the first German statesman who had the courage, in spite of unemployment and financial depression, to bring order to the finances of Germany, to impose a necessarily unpopular programme of financial reform, and to tell the German people the real truth. Events have shown how meritorious these three efforts were. Should we not then prove to the German people that this is the best policy and that anyone who opposes it is betraying his country's interests?

I therefore affirm that, if France and the United States took the initiative and together relieved the laboring classes of Germany, aiding them to set up an economic system that would guarantee their daily bread; and that, if France and Germany took it upon themselves to reveal in some concrete way their mutual desire for peaceful coöperation, the atmosphere of Europe and of the world at large would at once be radically changed. Of course, the technical crisis could not be solved *ipso facto*, but the moral crisis would vanish. Yet, even in economic affairs, technical and psychological elements are interlocked. Industry is suffering from underconsumption. But, if there is a justified

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amount of underconsumption resulting from high production and rationalization, there is also an unjustified amount of underconsumption born of fear. Eliminate the reasons for this fear and you will at once give new life to the markets of the world.

Moreover, in a period of crisis disproportionate taxation is paralyzing economic activity. Compulsory transfers of goods are increasing exports to an abnormal degree and hence are increasing, too, the international disequilibrium instead of checking it. Germany, with its grave financial difficulties, has disturbed all the markets of Europe, and the slump of European markets causes anxiety on the American market. For everything is linked together. The economic systems of the two continents are solidly welded. The United States, suffering from a severe crisis, has a major interest in seeing Europe increase its buying power. It has an even greater interest in preventing Germany, which is at once the chief American debtor and the chief American client, from going into bankruptcy or, worse yet, falling into revolution. Thus the interests of the United States and France demand that the two countries work together while there is still time left to save what can be saved and to repair economic ties and international policies by vigorous action.

Is there a way of achieving these ends? There is, indeed, and it is a simple one. The fundamental idea is that the fate of Europe will be determined during the next two years. In 1932 the General Disarmament Conference will meet. Its labors will fill many months. It would be vain to hope that any practical conclusions can be reached before the end of 1932. Even admitting that these conclusions will improve the international situation, we must wait two years for them to be reached. Now what will occur during these two years? We may hope for the best, or fear the worst, and if present tendencies continue we shall certainly be more inclined to fear than to hope.

The plan I am about to outline consists essentially in guaranteeing tranquillity during this intermediate period, in permitting those nations most interested in the Disarmament Conference to enter upon their labors in a state of mind entirely favorable to complete success. It is therefore not necessary to outline a definitive plan; we need only a temporary one that will apply to a limited period, and that will in no way influence any decisions that may be reached as a result of the Disarmament Conference.

So much for the strategic aspect of this plan. The tactical aspect is that we must attack simultaneously the two questions that are now agitating popular psychology more than any others, the question of reparations and the question of armaments, both of which must be considered from the angle of Franco-German relations, which remain the axis of European peace. In short, the question of armaments determines the atmosphere of Europe and the prejudices of the United States. And reparations are particularly serious in this period of intense unemployment and empty stomachs.

As everyone knows, the Young Plan payments are divided into two parts, one unconditional, the other conditional, the latter being subject to

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a moratorium. What concerns us here is that the second or conditional part exactly equals the sum we owe our creditors. The unconditional part, on the contrary, remains in our hands. It is the latter part that really deserves the name, 'reparations,' and it varies as the annual payments vary. From April 1931 to March 1932, it will amount, when all payments to our fellow creditors have been deducted, to 1,959,000,000 francs. From April 1932 to March 1933 it will come to 1,956,000,000. Let us look no further than these next two annuities, since they take us up to the beginning of 1933, when the Disarmament Conference will very probably have come to an end.

These two annuities are supposed to remain in our coffers, no matter what happens. This does not apply, however, to the conditional payments, which only pass through our hands, since we transfer them to our American and English creditors. I therefore imagine France making this statement to the United States: 'Germany is undergoing a severe crisis. It can appeal to the moratorium clause of the Young Plan, but the United States and France are sufficiently powerful, sufficiently aware of international solidarity so that if masses of human beings are suffering they cannot fail to take a generous initiative of their own accord. Already, simply from the economic point of view, eminent American financiers like Mr. Albert Wiggin have urged a reduction of war debts. Present circumstances invite France to suggest to the United States that the two countries proceed together and make parallel efforts in this direction. In so far as the unconditional part of the Young Plan is concerned, the part that is not affected by a moratorium, France would declare herself ready to abandon fifty per cent of her claims against Germany for the annuities due in 1932 and 1933, the result being that instead of receiving 1,959,000,000 francs in 1932 France would receive 979,500,000, and in 1933 she would receive 978,000,000 instead of 1,956,000,000. But this offer would be carried out only if the United States would declare itself ready to abandon fifty per cent of its demands on the Allies for the same period. The Allies would then cut in half the conditional Young Plan payments, and the actual benefit of the reduction in payments to America would go to Germany. No fundamental modification of the Young Plan would be involved. The agreements made in London and Washington would not be affected. It would simply mean dividing in half all payments, both conditional and unconditional, for the years 1932 and 1933. Of course, this arrangement would apply equally to the English, who receive from Germany and France what they pay to the United States.'

Thus Germany, at the peak of the economic crisis, would find itself relieved of fifty per cent of its reparations charges, a saving of about 850,000,000 marks. This money could be used to combat unemployment and to reduce taxes. Moreover, such a reduction would have a salutary effect upon German finance, especially on foreign loans contracted by Germany, both state and private, and would permit Germany to acquire new long-term credits. For long-term credits are essential to a renewal of economic activity, particularly since they would allow Germany to pur-

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chase more raw materials, a matter of great interest to the American market.

So much for the first part of this plan. No doubt we might stop here. If the United States and France simply reduced by fifty per cent the money owed them, we should attain the immediate ends in view. We should alleviate the economic crisis in the debtor countries, permitting the United States to find purchasers again, and we should rejuvenate world markets. But one objection arises. The German budget would, of course, benefit considerably from such a measure. Ours, on the other hand, would suffer appreciably, since a fifty-per-cent reduction of the unconditional annuities would force us to face a decline in revenue of 980,000,000 francs at a time when our revenues are beginning to diminish. I am therefore forced to elaborate a system that meets this grave objection and that protects the interests of the French taxpayer.

Moreover, the complete mechanism I suggest offers two advantages. In the first place, it reduces war debts in a way that seems more likely than any other to win American approval, and I ask for no further proof than the project outlined by Mr. Hurley, president of the American Manufacturers Export Association, who has been inspired by an idea similar to my own. In the second place, the mechanism I have in mind enlarges the whole question, so that instead of remaining a strictly financial measure it tends to become a measure for generally improving international relations.

Here, then, is the second part of this plan, but let me repeat once more that these two parts are not necessarily connected, though my personal feeling is that they should be put through simultaneously.

During the past four years, Germany has increased considerably her military and naval expenditures, which are lumped together as *Reichswehr* expenses. These expenses have now reached the figure of 700,000,000 marks a year, which cannot but seem excessive for maintaining an army of a hundred thousand men and a fleet of only thirty-two vessels, especially when the national budget faces a deficit. In return for the benefits that Germany would gain from having her reparations cut in two, she should agree to reduce by 58,000,000 marks her total annual military and naval expenditures for the years 1931–32, and 1932–33, a cut of one-twelfth.

As for France, she would make an equal reduction, cutting her military and naval expenses one-twelfth for the years 1931–32 and 1932–33. These expenses have now reached 12,000,000,000 francs a year, and a reduction of one-twelfth would therefore mean an expenditure of 11,000,000,000 francs, in other words, a saving of one billion francs. Now, this saving just about equals the loss of revenue that would occur by reducing Germany's unconditional annuities by fifty per cent. In other words, we should receive 980,000,000 less on the one hand, but save a billion on the other. The French taxpayer would be neither aided nor damaged.

Nor is this all. Before the Disarmament Conference comes to an end, but without any attempt to influence its decisions, France and Germany would have established between them a convention in the spirit of the London

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naval agreement, and containing, like the latter, a safeguarding clause. By this convention the two countries would consider their present armament expenses, both of which would be reduced by one-twelfth, as provisional levels that they would agree not to exceed. Moreover, they could create a mixed military commission to supervise the technical fulfillment of this agreement. I might add, although it does not form a part of the indivisible plan I have outlined, that the initiative France and Germany would take by reducing their armaments by one-twelfth might serve as the basis for a multilateral agreement. As far as naval matters are concerned, Britain, the United States, and Japan have, of course, already concluded the London Treaty. An immediate budgetary reduction by one-twelfth of armament expenses, agreed to not only by France and Germany, but by Italy, Yugoslavia, Poland, and so forth, would constitute a prelude to the Disarmament Conference and would reveal in advance a desire for success that would have the most healthy kind of influence on the development of international policy.

LET us recapitulate. Such a plan offers the following advantages:—

First, Germany would find herself released of a burden of 850,000,000 plus 58,000,000 marks, that is, of 908,000,000 marks at a time when she is suffering from a crisis of severe economic and financial adjustment, and this would immediately improve her economic position. The condition of the most afflicted class of Germans would be improved and financial reforms could be promoted under the most favorable circumstances, and, finally, long-term credits could be secured. Moreover, Germany would thus receive further proof of the spirit of solidarity of her creditors. Unquestionably such a decision would help protect the Brüning Government from the danger it is facing, and the forces of order and reason would benefit decisively.

Secondly, the United States would acquire a new and brilliant title to the gratitude and sympathy of Europe. Its European markets would revive and American capital invested in Germany would be relieved of serious risks. American investors would find new possibilities across the Rhine. They would have contributed handsomely toward reëstablishing confidence and order and toward saving Germany from demagogy and revolution. For the United States no less than Europe needs international confidence, order, and peace, so that it may again establish the economic balance necessary to prosperity.

Thirdly, France would have taken an initiative that would do her honor. Without suffering any damage she would brilliantly refute all who accuse her of being immobile, and by associating herself with the United States in such an eminently peaceful work she would seal the traditional friendship that unites her to the great American democracy, a friendship that the Kellogg-Briand Pact has already illustrated.

Fourthly, a Franco-German military agreement, though only provisional and limited, would establish Franco-German relations on an entirely new plane, the only plane, it may be added, on which real peace can be based. It would radically,

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knit together Franco-German military relations, and, from the point of view of the consolidation of Europe, nothing seems more desirable.

Fifthly, the Disarmament Conference would open under infinitely more favorable circumstances than now exist, for the Disarmament Conference can achieve practical results only if the security of nations is increased, and nothing would increase this security more than the execution of such a plan. Widespread readjustment of European financial charges hinges on the success of the European Disarmament Conference.

No one knows better than I that many objections can be made to this plan, and I have raised them myself. My suggestion is therefore not a hasty one. It has ripened for a long time and is the result of profound discussions with representatives of many different groups. All in all, the sum total of its advantages so far outweighs the sum total of its disadvantages that this favorable balance has determined me to submit these propositions not only to the French public but to the American public, on whom, after all, the success or failure of this project depends, since its first condition is an act of Franco-American financial initiative. I adjure both the French and the American public, in the name of their true interests, in the name of Western civilization and peace, to act so that their governments and responsible assemblies may consider this project without delay.

Postscript

It is not my intention to reply here in detail to all the observations and criticism that my article has aroused, any more than I shall attempt to thank all my known and unknown readers who have given me their approbation and encouragement. If my article awakened a surprisingly widespread echo, it did so because it met the needs of the hour. Had I obtained no other result than that of making people aware of a problem that they cannot shirk, no matter how difficult it may be, I should feel myself more than repaid for having written as I did. For we are living through very serious times and have reached an extremely dangerous turning point. It is necessary for each one of us to feel and assume his responsibilities.

First of all, a personal word. People have said that I was inspired by the Quai d'Orsay and even by the Vatican. Shades of Machiavelli, what absurdities are written in thy name! Complete independence of thought is the portion of my family legacy that I value most. What I said, I said because I believe it to be true and because I believe it conforms to our deepest interests. Moreover, having received a German machine-gun shot in one kidney that will affect my health for the rest of my life, I believe I have as much right as the next man to work for peace and to seek in security and national dignity the practical means of a better understanding between my victorious nation and its former adversary.

This being said, I return to the questions that occupy us. First of all, I have been reproached for having brought the United States into the affair. The chief objection that has been made to my proposition is that it is a blow in the air since the United States will not wish to have anything to do with the matter. But if I brought

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in the United States, I did so because we can accomplish nothing without the United States. The economic and financial difficulties with which we are struggling on both sides of the Atlantic are interlocked. They form a complex, indivisible whole. As a result of intense unemployment, the ignorant German masses regard the reparations question from a political and not a technical point of view. Reparations are playing an essential part in mass psychology, and they cannot be settled without close co-operation between France and the United States.

It is absolutely necessary for the Germans to know this and for the Americans to understand it, and, since it is the truth, why not proclaim it? Just because I am utterly convinced that our future safeguards lie there and nowhere else, I have demanded of the United States, not a one-sided effort, but efforts parallel to those of France. Furthermore, I have specified that we can act only through some provisional arrangement, and should not commit ourselves to a future that no one can now foresee.

We are undergoing a severe crisis which, if prolonged, threatens to sweep away whatever reason and stability remain in Germany. We are all interested—for the United States has invested billions more than we have in Germany—in the victory of order over demagogy. Will the United States turn a deaf ear to this appeal? Possibly, but not certainly. Though I may not believe in the logic of human beings, I believe in the logic of facts. Three years ago, when I urged that a committee of experts meet to decide the questions left open by the Dawes Plan, important people said to me, 'Why have you put forward this idea? The time is not yet ripe. The Americans will not collaborate.' A few months later the experts had forgathered, presided over by Mr. Owen Young.

Of course, I do not imagine for an instant that the suggestions I have made will be practically applied in so brief a time, but I am firmly convinced that sooner or later people will move in this direction and that they will do it sooner rather than later. Such decisions, however, cannot be taken without relation to many other factors and, in order to get anywhere, we must hurry things along by stimulating public opinion. The more clearly we perceive our danger the more ready for action we shall be.

But the most frequent comment I have received is of another order. People have said to me, 'You were right in placing the German problem squarely before us. Obviously we cannot fail to be interested in it and we must reflect on what we can do while there is still time. But, if you were right in raising the German problem, you were wrong in placing it on the political plane. It can be met only on the economic plane and on that plane we are fully prepared to proceed in a positive fashion.'

ECONOMIC collaboration? I want it as much as any man, but just what does it mean, what new things does it signify? Have n't we already put through more agreements with Germany in the economic field than existed before the War? And have economic connections, however intimate, ever damaged or improved political relations? Did n't Lloyd

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George say in July 1914 that the economic exchanges between England and Germany ran into so many billions that any war between them was impossible? And did not one of the greatest economists of our time, M. Émile Mayrisch, founder of the 'Arbed' and president of the steel cartel, write shortly before his death that his experience as an industrial leader obliged him to proclaim that without some concomitant political agreement even the most firm economic agreement offered no guarantee of peace? One must have courage to discuss things as they are, no matter how displeasing they may appear. I realize, of course, that the word 'economic' has the advantage of not alarming people; indeed, it has a soothing effect. Are not people always saying that two nations that get along badly together must live side by side and adjust their material interests?

In reality, however, no matter how extensively and how skillfully economic combinations are erected, they amount to nothing if political disagreement persists. Nor is this all. Such combinations open the way for bitterness and psychological aggravation. Between France and Germany no economic difficulties exist. Quite the contrary. But there are political difficulties.

Above all, there are psychological difficulties. The two nations are wearing themselves out in irritating, insoluble polemics, instead of repeating to themselves the omnipotent phrase which Marshal Foch used to win the War and without which no one will ever attain peace, 'What is to be done?' In my opinion the thing to do is not to promote better economic and financial agreements, to lend a hundred millions one day and a hundred millions the next, to arrange for long-term credits that may damage our own industry unless the way they are used is strictly guaranteed. All these measures will amount to almost nothing in modifying fundamentals. Whether we like it or not, we must always return to the political plane. Unless we do so, we are losing time, patience, and money.

On this plane a certain number of questions divide France and Germany. Some matters can never be agreed upon and must be laid aside. But other matters can be arranged and they are the questions that must be bravely faced. The problems where agreement is impossible are those having to do with territorial adjustments, and those problems do not depend on Franco-German policy in the true sense of the word. They are chiefly international problems.

On the other hand, certain questions can lead to a political agreement between the two countries. For one thing, there is the matter of reparations transfers, in so far as they are responsible for the frightful crisis of unemployment that is reducing a third or more of the population of Germany to misery. And on this point American assistance is indispensable. Then there is the question of disarmament, which, in view of the conference that will meet a year hence, is going to occupy a rôle of the first importance in Franco-German political psychology.

The whole discussion rests on these two points. On the one hand, the Germans are convinced that France is pursuing a policy of military hegemony. The French, for their part, do not believe in the sincerity of German

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disarmament. They consider that the German army, with its trained reserves and with the police and the military associations that gravitate about it, constitutes a shock force of the first order, equal, if not superior, to a conscription army made up of soldiers who have had but a year's training. Most Frenchmen suspect the military budget of the Reich. They are convinced that military expenses are spread and hidden in other budgets. They have every reason to believe that Germany possesses hidden war supplies in her own territory, and even more on foreign territory. They are not unaware that the German general staff has relations with Russia. They know that German industry can rapidly be transformed into an immense munitions factory.

The French therefore do not believe in the wretched condition of the German army, and it is on this point that nine-tenths of their distrust of Germany rests. The result is that, rightly or wrongly, each country fears the other. Each considers its neighbor as dangerous and each nourishes malicious suspicions. The French and German armies appear to be unequal. But can we believe appearances? There is the problem. There is the drama.

ONE of two things will therefore happen. The first alternative is that each nation will remain convinced of its suspicions and we shall witness next year the gravest psychological Franco-German conflict. Every sacrifice made to promote better understanding between France and Germany will have been in vain, and there will be no hope for peace in Europe. The other alternative is open explanation. We shall reveal what our suspicions and anxieties are based upon and, if the exchange of ideas reveals equal good will on both sides, the basis for a lasting accord will be within reach, not involving an increase but a reasonable reduction of armaments.

I realize that in Germany, where people habitually think radically, there are many advocates of a Franco-German military alliance. In France, too, certain experts who love to go to extremes have said to me, 'Either force or a military alliance.' For my part, I do not accept these oversimplified alternatives. The idea of a military alliance runs directly counter to the necessary development of an international policy limiting armaments. I see no possibility of a Franco-German military agreement unless it arises from bilateral limitation agreements that will later form an integral part of the general protocol to be laid down at Geneva.

From now on it is necessary to direct our thought in this direction. I am fully convinced, moreover, that the solution of the European-American problem of war debts and the solution of the disarmament problem are mutually dependent and will be found before long to have a reasonable connection with each other. I have said this perhaps too baldly and I have aroused lively reactions. But what difference does it make, if I have succeeded in making people consider these problems on the plane on which they are necessarily developing?

But let no one conclude from these diverse observations that we have plenty of time to ruminate. The truth

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is that we have little time before us. What perhaps struck me most of all in the criticisms that certain newspapers made was the prodigious optimism they expressed. Is it really true that because Chancellor Brüning is holding the fort with great energy the domestic situation in Germany is stabilized?

Has anyone thought of what may happen within fourteen months at the most, when the present Prussian Diet will have run its course and new elections will be held? If between now and then things are not pacified beyond the Rhine, if the ignorant masses continue to expect charlatans to relieve them of their misery and allow their distress to reflect itself in votes for Hitler or for Communism, Europe may well mourn the end of peace. The day when control of the police and the administration of Prussia pass into the hands of fanatics there will be nothing to do but to prepare to fight against new forms of madness.

But I believe there is still time to act and to prove that reason is right. To do this, however, we must think politically, we must search for political solutions and put them into effect. Whether we like it or not, we are all facing the German problem. No one knows better than I how difficult, wearisome, and thankless it is, but I also know that it is our most pressing and lofty patriotic duty not to be overwhelmed by difficulties and to go to work tirelessly and patiently.

Do you want my ultimate thought on this question? France and Germany, essential actors in the drama of European collaboration, remind me of parents who are disputing while their family dwelling is burning to the ground. We are menaced by an economic flood, the first waves of which have already broken against our edifice and whose social consequences cannot be avoided. Within a few years our equilibrium may well be destroyed. Yet we continue quarreling among ourselves, calculating the risks of a war that will presently turn into a civil war. We must defend our social order. The policy of peace and Franco-German understanding is above all a conservative policy, and it is because I myself am conservative that I serve it as best I can.

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Russia's 'man of steel' urges the leaders of Soviet industry to carry out the vital portions of the Five-Year Plan this year. To read his words is to feel the enthusiasm that has made Communism an international challenge.

Five Years in THREE

By JOSEPH STALIN

Translated from the *Rote Fahne*
Berlin Official Communist Daily

[NOTE.—At a conference of representative industrial leaders of the Soviet Union, Comrade Stalin made a great speech that we print here in full. This speech not only possesses the greatest historical significance for the working masses of the Soviet Union but is of equal importance to the entire world proletariat. From beginning to end the speech is a document proclaiming the Soviet Government's keen knowledge of its own strength and its invincible will to victory. It throws light on the vast task of completing the Five-Year Plan, and reveals the superiority of the Socialist system to the bankrupt system of capitalism. It lays bare relentlessly the efforts that must be made to fulfill this task, to carry through the Five-Year Plan in the decisive branches of industry within the space of three years. With typical Bolshevist frankness and hardness it draws lessons from the past and applies them to the present and to the near future. Stalin's speech shows to every Communist, to every class-conscious worker, how the dictatorship of the proletariat is functioning as the shock brigade of world Socialism. Compare these clear, purposeful, victorious words of the leader of the world proletariat with the pessimistic, brutal political evasions and the helpless stammering that characterize the speeches of the economic leaders of capitalism. Make this comparison and there can be no doubt to whom the future belongs.—EDITOR, *Rote Fahne*.]

THE WORK of your conference approaches its end. You are on the point of making your resolutions. I

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doubt not that they will be arrived at unanimously. In these resolutions, with which I am more or less familiar, you will lay down the industrial control figures for the year 1931 and vote that they be carried out.

The Bolshevik word is given in earnest, for the Bolsheviks are accustomed to keeping their promises. What does the task of fulfilling the control figures for the year 1931 mean? It means that all industrial production will be increased forty-five per cent. That is a very great task. But more is involved. Not only are you carrying out our intention to complete our Five-Year Plan in four years —that is a closed issue and no more resolutions need to be passed on the subject here. But you are also promising to complete this plan in the determining, decisive branches of industry in the space of three years.

What is necessary to fulfill the control figures so that production may increase forty-five per cent, so that the Five-Year Plan may be fulfilled not in four years but in three years, in so far as the determining and decisive branches of industry are concerned? Two chief tasks are laid upon us. First, we must take account of certain real or, as we call them, 'objective' possibilities. Secondly, we must develop the desire and ability to guide our efforts in such a way that these possibilities will become living facts. Did we enjoy in the past year the objective possibility of continuing to fulfill our plan? We did, indeed. The facts prove it undeniably, for in March and April of last year industrial production increased 31 per cent over the year before. Why, then, it may be asked, did we not fulfill the plan throughout the year? What hindered us, what was lacking? We lacked the ability to make use of existing possibilities. We lacked the ability to set up sound leadership in the management of our factories and mines.

Our first requisite for success existed: the objective possibility of fulfilling the plan. But the second requisite for success did not exist to a sufficiently high degree, the ability to manage production. And, precisely because the ability to manage production was lacking, the plan was not fulfilled. Instead of an increase of thirty-one or thirty-two per cent, there was only an increase of twenty-five per cent, though, of course, a twenty-five-per-cent increase is a great achievement. Not one capitalist nation enjoyed in the year 1930 an increase in production, nor is any capitalist nation enjoying such an increase at the present time. In all capitalist countries without exception a great drop in production has occurred. Under these circumstances an increase of twenty-five per cent is a vast step forward. But we should have been able to achieve more. All the necessary objective possibilities existed.

What guarantee have we got that this year will not repeat last year's history, that the plan will be smoothly carried out, that we shall make use of existing possibilities to the uttermost? In the history of states, nations, and armies, occasions have arisen when all possibilities for success and victory existed but these possibilities remained unused because the leaders did not recognize them, did not understand how to take advantage of them, and the armies therefore suffered defeat. Do we believe that the necessary possibilities for fulfilling the

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control figures for the year 1931 exist? Indeed we do.

What are these possibilities and what must we do to make them real? Above all, we need sufficient natural wealth—iron ore, coal, petroleum, grain, cotton. Do we possess this wealth? Indeed we do, and in greater quantities than any other single country. The Ural District alone boasts a variety of mineral wealth such as can be found in no other country—iron ore, coal, copper, petroleum, grain. What does the Ural lack? We have everything except rubber, and in two years we shall be able to produce rubber as well. As far as natural wealth is concerned, we are therefore well supplied. We even have more than we need.

But it is also necessary to maintain a government that possesses the desire and the power to make use of this natural wealth for the benefit of the people. Have we such a government? We have indeed. Of course, our efforts to exploit natural wealth do not always go forward without some friction among ourselves. Last year, for instance, the Soviet Government had a struggle on its hands over the question of developing a second metallurgical and coal-producing base, without which we could not have progressed further. But we have now overcome this obstacle and shall soon possess such a base. What, then, still remains to be done?

IT is necessary for this Government to enjoy the support of the massed millions of workers and peasants. Does our Government enjoy this support? It does indeed. In all the world you will not find another government that enjoys such a degree of support among the workers and peasants as does this Soviet Government. What, then, is still necessary to fulfill and even to exceed the control figures laid down for 1931? We need the maintenance of the kind of régime that will not suffer from the incurable illnesses of capitalism and also that enjoys certain important advantages over capitalism. Crises, unemployment, waste, impoverishment of the masses, these are the incurable diseases of capitalism. Our régime does not suffer from these diseases because power lies in our hands, in the hands of the working class, because our economy is planned, because we are accumulating resources according to plan and distributing our resources fairly among our various economic groups. We are free from the incurable diseases of capitalism.

This is where we differ from capitalism. This is where our decisive advantage over capitalism lies. Look how the capitalists want to escape from the crisis. They demand extensive wage cuts. They depress prices of raw materials and food stuffs. But they will not permit any considerable cut in the price of industrial products. This means that they want to overcome the crisis at the expense of consumers' goods, at the expense of the worker and the peasant in every country, at the expense of the producer of raw materials and food stuffs. The capitalists are sawing off the branch on which they are sitting, and instead of finding escape from the crisis they are making the crisis more acute. New difficulties arise and fresh crises of a still more serious nature come into being.

Our advantage resides in the fact

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that we have no such thing as a crisis of overproduction, that we have no millions of men unemployed, that we are not suffering from anarchy in production, and we enjoy this advantage because we are running our economic system according to plan. Nor is this all. Our industries are more highly developed than those of any other country. This means that we have built up our industries with the best technical equipment possible, and as a result shall be able to assure ourselves unequaled productivity of labor and unparalleled output. Our weakness in the past resided in the fact that industry used to be based on unconnected peasant groups, but that was in the days gone by. Already things are changing and soon, perhaps within a year, we shall have the best system of large-scale agriculture in the world. Soviet estates and collective farms, the forms in which our large-scale agriculture is cast, have already in the past year furnished us with half of our entire grain output. This means that our Government, the Soviet Government, can look forward to such possibilities of rapid progress as no bourgeois country is able to dream of. But we have been shown that in this field, too, everything is not in order. The Schachty trial was the first signal. It proved that the party organization and trade unions lack revolutionary alertness. It showed that our economic system is incredibly backward from a technical point of view, that engineers and technicians working without supervision are easily led astray, especially since enemies from abroad are constantly offering them temptations. The second signal was the trial of the Industrial Party.

Of course, class war is what lies behind this corrupt condition. Of course, the class enemies of Socialism, resisting the Socialist offensive, offer immense opposition. But this alone is not enough to explain such a surprising outburst of corruption. How can corruption have spread so far? Who is to blame? We are the ones at fault. If we had attempted to direct our economic efforts differently we could have gone much further. We should long ago have stopped studying technique and have begun to apply it. If we had allowed more experts to control our economic system we should not have so much corruption to plague us.

WE ourselves must become specialists. We must master technique. Life is forcing us in that direction. But neither the first nor the second signal has made it certain that we shall take this necessary step. It is high time for us to master technique. It is high time we forgot our antiquated watchword of not mixing ourselves up in technical matters. We, too, must be specialists, absolute masters of material things. This alone guarantees that our plan will be fulfilled smoothly under united leadership.

People often ask if our tempo should not be slowed down and our movement retarded somewhat. No, comrades, that will not do. Our tempo must not be checked. On the contrary, it must be accelerated in so far as we have strength and opportunity. Our duty toward the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union demands it. Our duty toward the working class of the whole world demands it.

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Slackers will be beaten down. We will not hear of defeat. We want none of it. The history of old Russia was a history of successive defeats due to the country's backwardness. It was defeated by the Mongolian Khans, it was defeated by the Turkish Beys, it was defeated by Swedish feudal lords and by Polish and Lithuanian aristocrats. It was defeated by French and English capitalists and by Japanese barons, but always because of its own backwardness, its military backwardness, its cultural backwardness, its national backwardness, its agricultural backwardness. It was beaten because it always gave in, and its attackers escaped scot-free.

Remember the words of the pre-revolutionary writer who said, 'You are at once crippled and overflowing with wealth. You are at once mighty and powerless, little Mother Russia.' These words of an old poet were committed to memory by the rulers of his day. They would administer sound thrashings, saying to themselves as they did so, 'You are overflowing with wealth,' and one can imagine how much profit they made. They would lay about them, saying to themselves, 'You are crippled and powerless,' and of course they were able to attack and plunder unpunished. That is still the law of capitalism, to beat the backward and the weak; that is the rapacious law of capitalism. 'You are backward, you are weak, therefore you are wrong, therefore you can be beaten and subjugated. You are powerful, therefore you are right and people must protect themselves from you.'

We must therefore remain backward no longer. In the past we had no Fatherland and could not have one, but now, since we workers have power, we have a Fatherland and will defend its independence. Do you want our Socialist Fatherland to be beaten and to lose its independence? If you do not want this to happen you must, as soon as possible, get rid of your backwardness and push forward our economic development at a really Bolshevist rate of speed. There is no other way out. As Lenin said in October 1918, 'Either death, or pursuit and overtaking of the most advanced capitalist countries.'

We have remained fifty or a hundred years behind the most advanced countries. We must cover this distance in ten years. We shall either accomplish this task or be crushed under foot. That is what our duty to the workers and peasants of the Soviet union dictates.

But we have other, more serious and important duties. They are duties to the world proletariat, and these duties coincide with our first duties. Yet we place them higher. The working class of the Soviet Union is a part of the working class of the world. We conquer not only thanks to the efforts of the working class of the Soviet Union but also thanks to the support of the international working class.

But what is necessary for us to win success? Liquidation of our backwardness, furtherance of our labors at a high Bolshevist rate of speed. We must move forward at a speed that will make the working class of the whole world say, 'Here is my protector. Here is my shock brigade. Here is my worker's state. Here is my Fatherland. The task they are bringing to completion is their task and our task. Therefore we support them

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against capitalism and champion the cause of world revolution.'

WHAT must yet be done to continue our strides forward in seven-league boots? A party must be maintained that is sufficiently firm and united to concentrate the efforts of all the best elements of the working class at a single point and that is sufficiently experienced not to be overwhelmed by difficulties and that will systematically push through the real revolutionary Bolshevist policy to its practical conclusion. Have we such a party? We have indeed. Is this policy correct? It is indeed, for it has attained great success. This fact not only the friends but also the enemies of the working class now recognize. Observe how 'honorable gentlemen' in every country—Fish in America, Churchill in England, Poincaré in France—go running about howling with rage against our party, madly decrying us. Why all this howling and all this mad running about? Because of the policy of our party and because we are moving from success to success.

Here, comrades, we have all the possibilities that will make possible the fulfillment of the control figures of 1931, the fulfillment of the Five-Year Plan in four years and the fulfillment of its decisive portions in three years. The first elements in the success of the plan, the objective possibilities, are within our grasp.

Is the second element, the ability to realize these possibilities, within our grasp? In other words do we possess the proper leadership in factories, industries, and mines? Is everything in order? Unfortunately everything is not in order and we must admit it frankly and openly like good Bolshevists.

What does direction of production mean? With us the question of directing production is not always looked upon from a Bolshevist point of view. Too often we have believed that leadership means signing papers. This is unfortunate but it is a fact. Many of us cannot help remembering Shchedrin's character of Madame Pompadour, who told young Pompadour, 'Don't rack your brains with science. Don't study things. Let others occupy themselves with such matters. It is no affair of yours. Your business is to lead, to sign papers.' To our shame be it said, we have among us, among the Bolshevists, not a few such people who lead by signing papers.

In ten years at most we must cover the distance that separates us from the leading capitalist countries. We possess all the objective possibilities. We lack the ability to make use of these possibilities fully. But it depends on us and on us only. It is time to learn how to make use of these possibilities.

We have achieved much more difficult tasks. We have seized power. We have started the ordinary peasant on the way to Socialism. From the point of view of construction the most important elements in our task have been accomplished. Only a little remains to be done. This little is to learn technique, to appropriate science, and if we can carry out this we shall achieve such a tempo as no one to-day dares to dream of. But we shall not succeed unless we have the will to do so.

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Having talked intimately with high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, the author of this article asserts that the Vatican is now ranging itself against Fascism everywhere, not only in Italy but in Spain and Germany as well.

The Vatican Turns *on* Fascism

By Leo Lania

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

On the eighteenth of December, the Duce made a great speech before the assembled Senate on the severe economic crisis in Italy. Instead of his usual oratorical effusions about the omnipotence of the Fascist régime, he took a defensive attitude. Even his familiar phrase, 'the virtue and discipline of this old and ever young Italian people,' could not conceal the fact that a great economic calamity had occurred, and, just as the old Austrian press headquarters used to send out the reassuring message, 'Lemberg is still in our hands,' so Mussolini announced, 'The Italian people remains industrious, productive, and lord of its own future,' as if anyone doubted such a statement. The rest, however, was a speech for the defense.

'The American crisis in the fall of 1929 exploded like a bomb' in the Fascist structure, so Mussolini declared, and he then referred to Italy as 'only a poor province of old Europe,' although he usually boasts of his country's world supremacy.

His further descriptions of the crisis offered no new information. The gold reserve in the Banca d'Italia declined more than six hundred million lire in the seven weeks between the thirty-first of October and the twentieth of December. The wages of the wretchedly paid agricultural workers have again been reduced eighteen to thirty per cent. Prices have not fallen, as it was hoped they would, although the pay of all workers and clerks has been radically cut. But Mussolini created a real sensation when he referred to the banking crisis and its connection with the

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activities of a certain Sicilian priest, in a portion of his speech that was hardly noticed abroad and not understood at all. For the banks that Mussolini referred to are the big Catholic institutions, the Credito Veneto, the Credito Friulano, the Credito Polesino, that declared themselves bankrupt. Their directors, including such outstanding Italian Catholics and papal knights as Bevilacqua and Piccinini, were sent to prison in spite of their close association with the Vatican. In defense of this measure, Mussolini explained:—

'In 1919, a certain Sicilian priest [he referred to Don Sturzo, the founder and leader of the Catholic People's Party] set out to conquer Italy. At that time he overthrew and installed ministers, playing the part of an ancient people's tribune, moving in three directions at once. First, he created a political party to aid the Socialists, for it is nothing new in contemporary history to see Catholics and Socialists marching together against anything that represents the radical tendencies of the hour. Secondly, this priest revived the Catholic trade unions, which gave Bolshevist syndicalism fresh impetus, and, thirdly, he established a chain of banking institutions from small country banks to big national undertakings. These Catholic institutions have dissipated the investments of poor people to the extent of a billion lire.' Mussolini closed with the assertion that 'at this moment a considerable number of the directors of this bank are in prison, where they can reflect upon the changing destinies of life.' Mussolini used no names, but the Senate knew to whom he referred. It also knew the prelude to this bankruptcy and to these arrests and greeted his words with silence.

The prelude to these arrests is as follows. From the first, Fascism has accompanied its attacks on Catholic organizations and Catholic trade unions with severe measures against Catholic financial institutions. Mussolini's insistent attempt to reach a compromise with the Vatican did not prevent Fascism from strenuously resisting the Catholic opposition. Up to now, however, these attacks have been confined to the lower orders of society, to peasants, obscure priests, and Catholic trade-union officials, who were imprisoned or exiled. The Vatican remained cordial, taking an attitude of friendly neutrality, since it attached more importance to political success in the form of the Lateran Accords than to the fate of a few hundred Catholic priests and laborers.

THEN came the change. It was preceded by the catastrophic defeat of former Chancellor Seipel in Austria, which did not lead to the promised overthrow of Socialism, but simply caused four hundred thousand Catholics to desert the Catholic Church. For the Austrian elections marked the dissolution of the alliance between the Austrian Christian Socialists and the Austrian Fascists, and therefore made an extraordinarily powerful impression on the Vatican. Then followed Litvinov's negotiations with Grandi and the announcement of a political alliance between Soviet Russia and Italy. The enemies of the Red peril had allied themselves with the anti-religious Soviets.

A week after Litvinov's visit, a 'Russian Day' was celebrated with

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great pomp in Rome, where a mass was held for persecuted Christians in Russia. Because high Church officials participated and because of certain commentaries in the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Papacy, these celebrations possessed a definitely anti-Fascist character. Simultaneously, the *Osservatore Romano* opened an intensive campaign against the Soviet Union. Day after day two-column articles entitled 'Under the Bolshevist Yoke' described the crimes of Bolshevism. When the Fascist press printed complete reports of the Moscow trials, the *Osservatore Romano* opened a direct attack on Fascism. 'It is most significant that this comedy trial finds such sympathy and such interest in a certain press,' announced the papal organ. From that day onward not one more line appeared in the Fascist press about the trial, which indicated Mussolini's frank desire to win back the sympathy of the Vatican. He also dispatched his friend, Monsignore Nogara, to the former Catholic minister, Filippo Meda, to offer him the portfolio of finance. But Meda refused.

Then Mussolini changed his tactics. If the Vatican would not receive him voluntarily as a friend, then he would show that he could be a dangerous enemy. Thus it came to pass that regularly, day after day, half a dozen or so Catholic *pezzi grossi*, papal knights and bank directors, were sent to prison. The Vatican apparently took these indications of hostility quite calmly, whereupon Mussolini again held out his hand in friendship. In his speech to the American people, delivered on the ninth anniversary of Fascism, he announced that he was not contemplating any political alliance with the Soviet Union and that the official commentaries in the Fascist press on the subject of Litvinov's visit were not official but were the mistaken utterances of irresponsible editors.

But it now seems that the Vatican is standing firm. Has its experiment of coöperation with Fascism come to an end? In the opinion of the Vatican the risk of such an alliance is too great and does not justify the results so far obtained. And, since the Catholic Church has not only a strong stomach but good nerves, it is not confining its activities to Italy.

This new policy of the Vatican is strengthening the anti-Fascist movement everywhere, but chiefly in Italy. It is significant that the *Alleanza Nazionale*, an organization of Liberal-Democratic *émigrés*, has already passed out word 'not to discredit anti-Fascism by an anticlerical attitude toward the faithful'—which would only help Mussolini's game. The *Alleanza Nazionale* operates in Italy by means of chain letters anonymously spread from person to person. The network of this agitation keeps extending and there is no doubt that this group, devoted as it is to the democratic traditions of Mazzini and Garibaldi and in touch as it is with anti-Fascist *émigrés*, possesses greater influence in Italy than any other anti-Fascist body. Its letters are very carefully written. They contain important material and appear every two weeks. Its political aim is to concentrate all known anti-Fascist forces into a 'common crusade with the Vatican and the Royal Army against Mussolini.' The Fascist movement throughout Europe, in Spain as well as in Germany, thus faces a new situation.

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Having spent the last ten years visiting every corner of every continent, Colin Ross now passes final judgment on the world we live in. Here are two representative, arresting verdicts.

Two Tracts *for the* Times

By Colin Ross

I. No Place to Go

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

During previous business depressions the possibility of escape existed. Emigration offered a way out of the crisis. Time was when the world was less closely knit than it is to-day, when it was not one world but many. If the world one inhabited became too crowded one could always move to another. A generation or two ago America really represented a new world, and South Africa and Australia also offered opportunities for people to leave everything behind and start out afresh.

What is America to-day? Essentially nothing different from old Europe, and even if the United States had not forbidden immigration the journey there would no longer mean escape and a chance to begin a new life. Europeans are indignant because the new, young countries where there is still plenty of room are beginning to raise the bars against overpopulated Europe. The United States followed the example of Australia and soon the South American republics and South Africa may pursue the same course. This policy of exclusion is entirely caused by modern economic developments, which are determined by national self-sufficiency.

But the stoppage of immigration is not the only thing that has kept Europeans from seeking refuge in another world. Other factors also enter. This is proved by the fact that during the past year the very limited American immigration quota has not been filled completely and many more people could also have gone to Australia and South Africa, to say noth-

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ing of South America. The trouble is something besides lack of space, for there is plenty of space, more than ever before. Modern inventions, and especially the development of irrigation, have opened up huge tracts of country that used to be barren wastes and deserts.

No. Escape from Europe, and escape from America, too, is impossible for two reasons, one psychical, the other material. The psychical reason is that Europeans and Americans have become accustomed to a high degree of civilization and are no longer desirous and perhaps no longer capable of being pioneers. To be a pioneer means to renounce everything that civilization offers, electric light and warm rooms, moving pictures and health insurance, everything, in short, that makes life exciting, agreeable, and amusing. Emigration means settling alone in the wilderness and being thrown back on one's self, beginning life anew with the sure knowledge that it will consist of nothing but toilsome labor and that in the best of circumstances one's children will be the ones to reap the fruits of this labor. Such a degree of renunciation, bravery, and will power is possessed by but few Eastern Europeans and by not a single Central or Western European.

It is therefore rather silly to demand that colonies should solve our surplus population problem. Our citizens, although too numerous, will not go away. Consider England, with all the splendid colonization prospects that are open to its citizens, and that nevertheless suffers from unemployment as much as we do and perhaps even more. To the unemployed English worker the whole world lies open —Canada, Australia, South Africa, Rhodesia. He can easily make the trip, sometimes free of charge. But he does not go, or if he does go he only increases still further the proletariat population of the big cities overseas. Never does he install himself as a settler in the wilds. South America offers the same spectacle. How many Germans who wanted to establish colonies there have come back disillusioned!

BUT it is the material consideration that plays the really decisive rôle. The living conditions of settlers, planters, and farmers have declined perceptibly. Moreover, the modern European is by no means in a position to supply all his own needs. Not only is he unable to provide himself with all the requisite forms of nourishment, but he is also incapable of being his own carpenter, locksmith, tailor, shoemaker, saddler, and tanner. Yet even if he were able to master all these handicrafts there would still remain certain needs which he could satisfy only by exchange of goods, by purchasing certain commodities, and he cannot earn enough money from the sale of his own products to make these purchases unless he begins farming on such a large scale that he needs a considerable amount of capital.

The Germans of a hundred years ago fled from a similar business depression to South Australia, where they could begin an utterly primitive life in the bush, and, when they would bring their products in crates to the market place in Adelaide, thirty or forty miles away, they would receive as much in exchange as their primitive needs required. But now that agricul-

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ture has become mechanized, and in the big agricultural nations overseas it is much more mechanized than we realize, the little settler and little farmer can no longer produce enough to maintain life, so that it really does not pay to take up such a difficult existence. We thus find that very few people are in a position to pack their bags and flee abroad, and even those few do not necessarily find better conditions and greater security for life and property beyond our frontiers. And, as far as the mass of the population is concerned, it has no possibility at all of fleeing from conditions that have become unbearable.

In former times of crisis it was possible, by moving hundreds of thousands, even millions of people, to ease the pressure in certain parts of the world. This possibility no longer exists and this is what gives the present crisis its unique character. At the same time, this condition makes it absolutely necessary for us to make a fundamental change in our methods of production and distribution, in our whole economic organization, and hence in our spiritual life.

II. The Fruits of Rationalization

Translated from *Geopolitik*, Berlin Political and Scientific Monthly

RATIONALIZATION contains an element of the irrational. This sounds like a contradiction in terms, but it represents a paradox that forms a fundamental, inescapable factor in nature and in human life. We are still in the shadow of an epoch that considered everything natural as good and perfect, and we are afraid to look at nature unless she wears her mask. All her contradictions, cruelties, and horrors we pass over as a natural part of life without giving much thought to them. I shall not discuss here the relation of man to nature or the possibility of influencing natural laws, but I had to bring the point up in order to introduce my theme, which is that something is wrong in our calculations concerning rationalized production.

How simple these calculations once seemed: rationalize, create a modern plant, install labor-saving machinery, cheapen and increase production, and industry will flourish. But industry is not flourishing, either in Germany or elsewhere. The economic crisis is a sure sign that the equation with which we are dealing contains more unknowns than we at first suspected, and that we must take into account imaginary factors that we had supposed we could ignore. Consider the facts of the case. We have at our disposal immense natural forces, a great variety of raw materials and food stuffs that can be produced cheaply, a high degree of mechanization and technology, an abundance of goods. Is it not then a paradox and an enigma that mankind is, generally speaking, so badly off to-day, and especially that we are spiritually so depressed and upset as to cause, on the one hand, serious upheavals and explosions and, on the other, a universal fear of such disturbances?

Of course I know the answers that learned economists give: it is the very profusion of goods, the abundance of

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cheap raw materials, the enormous supplies on hand, and our excessive production that are glutting the market and causing the crisis. And I know, too, the effect that the economic isolation of Russia, the revolution in China, and the boycott in India have had upon world industry. But this is no satisfactory explanation. It does not explain why wheat and coffee, silk and wool, leather and cloth fabrics, are spoiling in warehouses while millions of men eager and able to work are going hungry and cold.

Some people believe that this paradox exists because rationalization has not yet been carried far enough, and especially because there is a great discrepancy between the development of technique and of economics. Technique has galloped ahead like a runaway horse, and economics has limped behind with antiquated methods and calculations. But this is not the decisive factor. The decisive factor is the false intellectual position of the leaders of industry, who refuse to recognize or take into account the fundamental change in the world market. And their refusal justifies the politician in concerning himself with purely economic questions.

No decisive economic change can be looked for either in Asia or in America, where, in point of fact, we must expect a still further slump in the volume of business. Whether Africa will surprise us as Asia did remains uncertain. We shall have to wait awhile for both of them, but we must not fail to take them into account. This world situation demands a break with the pre-war ideas of production and business, especially with the mad ideal of mere size. Manufacture has, indeed, changed, but not wholly for the better. We have great plants and rationalized methods, but we are unable to utilize our excess products.

AS I see it, this does not mean that rationalization is wrong, but simply that we do not thoroughly understand its consequences. If we are going to rationalize, we must rationalize not merely production, and perhaps distribution, but the whole life process. And we must remember that there exists an element of the irrational that will confront us at the most awkward moments, when we believed that we could completely ignore it. If we consider the present economic situation, we must come to the conclusion that not a match or a saucepan can be manufactured without the good Lord's having a hand in it.

That is not blasphemy or a frivolous joke, but a concise expression of the old empirical fact that we cannot get along without metaphysics, or at least not for long. If pure reason were enough, our age should be the happiest that has ever existed. Yet mankind is not completely happy or contented, though it is living under conditions that would seem unbelievably luxurious to former ages. Much as I admire Henry Ford, I cannot entirely share his view that perfect happiness on earth will be reached as soon as every man has his own automobile. Not that I have anything against the automobile; perhaps of all technical achievements it contains the greatest possibilities for human happiness. But it is as true now as ever that man doth not live by bread alone, even when he eats his bread on the driver's seat of his own cabriolet.

We may become hostile to tech-

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nique, and hold it responsible for the spiritual vacuum of our time. We must therefore rightly understand its rôle in our life, its functions, its possibilities, and its limitations. Above all we must understand—to say it once again—that rationalization must not stop at mere technique, or rather that we must enlarge our conception of technique. It will not do for us to take the production of necessities out of nature's hands, letting her bungle along as she pleases in other, more important domains. In other words, we must either bow before nature and let her completely ordain the course of our lives, or we ourselves must assume control of the whole complex process. If we are going to interfere with natural selection and keep nature from preserving the balance between population and food supply through her primitive but effective methods of famine and pestilence, then we must control not only the death-rate, but the birth-rate. That is an obvious truth, yet one has to repeat it again and again. And eventually we must go still further and have the courage to put an end to lives that have outlived their usefulness.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing new about this. For hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years primitive South Sea peoples have not only preserved a balance between the birth-rate and the food supply but have killed those who have lived beyond their time. In Papua it is still considered indelicate and shocking for couples to have children during their first years of married life.

When such profound encroachments are made on nature, pure reason is far less helpful than when one is simply manufacturing automobiles as cheaply as possible. Each new encroachment is like the experiment of a sorcerer's apprentice—it can succeed only when contact with the metaphysical has been established. But this contact must be maintained even in the seemingly rational functions of technique and industry. In the final analysis man can function only so long as he is inspired and consumed by an idea. It is completely immaterial whether he stands by a conveyor belt or bends over a work bench, just as it makes no difference whether his dominating idea is of a religious, philosophic, or social nature.

I believe that the material needs of man can be comparatively easily satisfied as soon as we recognize those that are essential and realize the possibilities of modern industry, and as soon as we understand that unemployment is not an alarming symptom but a perfectly natural consequence of our present production process. We shall then base production upon demand, which, in view of the labor supply, will mean reducing the working day to six, four, or even two hours.

This shortening of the working day, together with the division of labor that has already occurred, will bring about a diversification of labor for the individual. In other words, the man who to-day pursues but one occupation will have to take up additional activities in order to avoid the monotony of rationalized work. For a man cannot work two hours and while away fourteen; or rather, he can, but he must first learn how. If we already knew how to use our leisure time, unemployment would not be such a fearful problem. For the majority of mankind must be kept busy because it does not know what to do with itself. The old

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military principle of not leaving a soldier an idle moment was not without reason.

With the advent of the short working day, which is bound to come soon as a logical result of rationalized industry and the economic crisis, sports and amusements will not be able to occupy all the hours of idleness. Along with highly rationalized labor further activities partaking of the nature of work will be indispensable, and these will contain irrational elements. Through the reduction of modern machine labor to terms of rhythm and tempo the spiritual and emotional needs of mankind can be accounted for up to a certain point, and this has already been tried with success in certain branches of industry. But in the long run it will not suffice. The reason why our situation is so paradoxically difficult is that rationalization is tending to turn man into an automatic slave to the machine, while at the same time mass education, extensive political rights, and the whole spirit of our time are awakening his spiritual nature. This state of affairs, together with the dethronement of religion from its former authoritative rôle, is tending to create a spiritual vacuum.

IT cannot be denied that sport is playing an important part as a substitute for spiritual activity. I consider its significance for the present social order to be due less to the physical conditioning it brings about than to the fact that it is providing millions and millions of lives with an objective that they were able to find neither in their occupations nor in themselves. But we may question whether sport alone can provide a substitute indefinitely. Colonization is often suggested as a way out of our difficulties, but we must not forgot that the man of to-day is an out-and-out city dweller, and that rural populations are dwindling all over the earth. The man of to-day wants to live in the city, for which he can hardly be blamed, and it would be interesting to know just how many eulogists of the pastoral life are really living in the country.

Though city life is admittedly most suited to modern man, the value of the irrational element of contact with nature must not be underestimated. A later age will probably find salvation in a combination of country and city life. Garden suburbs and small farms represent a beginning which may well be carried further. Moreover, these small farms play a definite part in providing the necessities of life.

It is a matter of no importance that fruit and vegetables grown at home are produced most uneconomically from the standpoint of rationalization. If their price were determined by the amount of labor put into them, they would be prohibitively expensive. But labor so spent represents an irrational equivalent to rationalized occupational labor. I think that this element of the irrational explains why land is cultivated joyfully all over the earth, or rather why there are peasants and farmers who would not change places with anyone, although their labor is most ineffective, judged by industrial standards.

And here we come to the heart of our problem. We can no longer retreat from the rationalization on which we have embarked, but must carry it out completely, so that not only produc-

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tion, distribution, and all industry, but our whole life, is rationalized. To express this as simply as possible, we must in the first place radically change our relation toward nature and gain a general conception of what we mean by natural laws. In the second place, we must recognize that we can not get along with reason alone, and that man, like the cosmos in which he lives, is not a wholly rational form. This unexplained and perhaps inexplicable paradox must not be omitted from our reckoning; in other words, we must take into full account the irrational part of man's nature and his spiritual needs.

A new religion might accomplish this best; or rather, such a new human orientation, a new storming of paradise, would automatically lead to a new religion. The Russians are attempting something of the kind with their Five-Year Plan. One of the greatest rationalization schemes in history is being pursued with an almost religious fanaticism that is inspiring the workers to carry it through in the face of untold hardships and privations.

But as a matter of fact no new religion is needed. The ones we already have could do the work if they could grasp the spirit of the time and fill mankind with faith. It seems as if the Roman Catholic Church, which has always had a strong feeling for reality, were on the right track here, or at least were approaching it. In any case, the religious need exists and keeps manifesting itself in the most diverse, seemingly contradictory ways. The Fascist movement is largely a substitute for religion and, paradoxical as it sounds, the Bolshevist fanaticism against existing churches is indicative of religious need.

To speak of such matters in connection with purely economic questions sounds rather strange, perhaps even somewhat fantastic and 'unscientific.' We can only await the developments of the future, and meanwhile: do not forget the irrational; it will yet play a dominating rôle in our age of reality and rationalization.

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A sympathetic French visitor analyzes the soul of Japan with all the clear genius of his race. Less appreciative but equally acute is Mr. J. O. P. Bland's discussion of the Chinese, based on many years of Oriental residence.

Unriddling the ORIENT

By Two Foreign Visitors

I. Sizing Up Japan

By A. Féral

Translated from *Le Correspondant*, Paris Clerical Semimonthly

ANYONE landing at a Japanese port is immediately and invincibly overwhelmed by the smiling faces of the Japanese of every social rank. A superficial observer contemplates delightedly a crowd of exquisite dolls moving about in the most charming setting in the world, and it requires some effort to take this little people seriously as they go trotting about in their wooden sandals in and out of houses that seem to be made of paper. Nevertheless, big industrial centres are springing up and developing every day. The country contains as large a proportion of engineers and scientists as any other land. The intellectual élite of the world has some glorious representatives there. And the little Japanese soldier who conquered the Russian colossus enjoys the respect of the largest military powers.

But to Occidentals like ourselves everything seems enigmatic, strange, mysterious, in so far as we can get any glimpse of the soul of this mysterious people. I said 'get any glimpse' purposely, because beneath their amiable urbanity the Japanese are less inclined than any other people in the world to reveal themselves to us.

The Japanese smile! One cannot conceive of any more delicate greeting or any more beguiling charm. It seems as if one could not fail to be happy in a country where the women know how to smile so well. Supple, elegantly draped in kimonos that are decorated

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with many-colored flowers, their waists swathed in wide belts with big knots that make them look like expensive boxes of candy, they have an undulating, gliding walk to which the gentle tap of their sandals on the ground serves as a rhythm, like some kind of dance music. When they meet a friend they perform three little bows with their hands joined as they breathe lightly between their teeth before asking ceremoniously for the health of all the honorable family of their very noble interlocutor. No Japanese woman, whether she is a peasant or a society lady, fails to perform this rite. Remember, also, that their traditional attitude of repose can quickly be lit up by a caressing look from lovely eyes and that they all have slender figures, —for there is no such thing as a fat woman in Japan,—and you will begin to understand the childlike, springtime poetry that emanates from Madame Chrysanthème and Madame Butterfly.

But let us mingle in the movement of the streets. We soon find it easy to forget all the symbols of Western civilization—factories, street-cars, automobiles, and telephone wires—and find ourselves enchanted. Most Japanese houses have only one story, but we must not think that this is through fear of earthquakes. We prefer to imagine that houses of this kind are peculiarly convenient for the exquisite dolls that circulate about us.

What strikes us first of all is the meticulous propriety of even the most modest interior. The purifying, health-giving sun shines through wide-open doors, and we see the furnishings of the interior, where the floor is entirely covered by mats of dazzling whiteness without any blemishes at all. The principal reason for this extraordinary cleanliness is that nobody wears his shoes inside a Japanese house. Both native sandals and Occidental shoes must be left on the threshold. One of the most curious sights that the country affords is the entrance to the temples, where innumerable shoes are lined up side by side. The same practice is followed in the big modern stores, where the shoes are left at the entrance. Our guide informed us of the remarkable fact that there are never any cases of stealing or exchanging. Each person always finds his shoes where he left them—a statement that we successfully put to the test.

There is no European furniture in Japanese houses. The chairs and tables are low, for the Japanese sit cross-legged like tailors and sleep on mats placed on the floor. In one corner stands the traditional tea table with all its accessories, and the place of honor is always occupied by the family tabernacle, before which one invokes the spirit of one's ancestors and the protective genius of the house. All this is arranged with a meticulous propriety, with a fine elegance down to the smallest and humblest details, and the rooms are never encumbered with pieces of bric-a-brac as so many of our Western dwellings are.

BUT the settings that best reveal the Japanese soul are the gardens. Everyone is familiar with such prodigies of culture as cedars centuries old growing in modest flowerpots. But this is not the only thing that pleases the artistic spirit of the Japanese. Each garden is an harmonious whole that presents a miniature tableau of the

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beauties of nature and the splendors of creation. The Japanese artist has exerted all his skill, care, and genius in assembling in the space of ground allotted to him, however small it may be, the most complete materialization of his dream. In the space of a few square yards he will combine the Himalayas, a virgin forest, and Niagara. He will have dwarf baobab trees centuries old and beds of chrysanthemums, roses, and carnations so small that they could be covered by a pocket handkerchief, but that always remain in flower, like a living hymn to the glory of the All-powerful Master of the universe. Minute temples of impeccable proportions placed in certain select spots give outward sign and evidence of the same thoughts. In these gardens, bearing witness as they do to incredible patience and will power, nothing is crowded because everything is in order and, to put the whole matter in a few words, one feels as much at ease there and as close to the thought of the man who designed it as one feels on looking at a landscape painted by the hand of a master.

These extraordinary people are in such close communion with the splendors of nature that their two great national festivals of spring and autumn bear the idyllic names of the 'Festival of the Cherry Trees in Flower' and the 'Festival of the Maple Trees Reddened by Autumn.' I saw only the springtime festival but I shall always remember it. At that time of year the whole of Japan is covered with a snow of red and white, for the cherry trees are in blossom, and they are generally cultivated more for their flowers than for their fruit. Private gardens, public parks, avenues, and even the outsides of the shops are covered with blossoms. Gay crowds, happy to be alive in this new spring, circulate through the streets, singing as they go, but there is no drunkenness, no brawling, no disorder. One really feels that one is in some country of dreams.

'Those who piously die for their country deserve to have crowds come and pray at their tombs.' This maxim is applied to the letter in Japan. No country in the world pays such superb homage to the memory of its soldiers who fell on the field of battle. Whole temples are filled with memorial pedestals on which all the glorious names are inscribed with moving uniformity, from the highest general to the simplest soldier, fraternally united on a level of equality since they gave their blood in common. The sacred portals proclaim their names and pilgrims perpetuate their glory. Their sons profess that the tutelary protection of the dead persists throughout the ages, benefiting both the family and the nation.

The strongest traditions of honor, courage, and patriotism are also maintained. Danger and death are nothing but two simple stages in the ascent to eternal bliss and eternal glory. Thus the soul of the Japanese people is made of the same metal as are the swords and the steel mirrors in their Shinto temples.

The Japanese does not fear death. To him it represents a protest against evil, an exaltation of justice and honesty, and a means of staving off by voluntary sacrifice calamities that menace his family and country. This state of mind, so sublime in many ways, still lives. It was this that caused Marshal Nogi, the hero of the war against Russia, to commit suicide. Overwhelmed with honors, ad-

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mired and blessed by all his country, he nobly slit open his stomach when his Mikado died, not as a gesture of despair but that he might continue after death to protect his country and to serve his Emperor.

This mystic patriotism is one of the most exalted characteristics of the Japanese soul. It unites the dead and the living in an unbroken chain, each link of which is closely and indissolubly knit with the preceding and following link. The Japanese carries his patriotism within him like an impenetrable shield that we see him raise against every enemy of his country's grandeur, and in its shelter he often accepts the strangest traditional survivals in relation to his individual life as a citizen. Wherever he may be, he carries with him his family altar. He reserves for himself an hour and a certain corner in which he can always become himself again and remain in communion with the customs and ideals of his country.

AT Fontainebleau I knew a Japanese captain who was taking the military courses. He had arranged in Japanese fashion the commonplace little apartment that he occupied, with mats on the floor, low furniture, little books; nothing was lacking to give the proper illusion. And every evening without fail this officer, who appeared completely Europeanized all day, who ate at the table with us and played bridge, whose manner, language, and clothing in no way differed from our own, returned home and, after having performed his ritualistic ablutions, put on his ancestral kimono and retired to meditate in this intimate refuge. A brother of mine had inspired such sympathy in his Nipponese comrade that he was invited one day to cross the threshold of this secret chamber, where he was served with the national drink of tea in accordance with the traditional rites, and where he discussed memories of the Far East.

Whenever the superior interest of his country is at stake, the Japanese reveals simultaneously a high degree of intelligence and a sovereign contempt for the mediocrities of our Western civilization. A certain officer of the General Staff, a member of a rich family, announced without bragging and without false modesty that he had learned French as a barber in Tours, 'because it is in the garden of France and in this traditionally colloquial profession that one best learns the most classic language.' There was also a big factory owner from Osaka who successively became a steward on a steamship, a bank clerk in Shanghai, a barman in Australia and the United States, and many other things, not because the firm he directed was suffering vicissitudes, but to perfect his technical knowledge and to be able to bring back to Japan the lessons of personal experience that he was acquiring with such difficulty.

Thousands of similar cases can be cited in every social group, and this is true of women as well as of men. Leave a Japanese alone in a Western room and he will examine all the objects he can lay his hands on. Needless to say, he will appreciate both their artistic and utilitarian values and he will not fail, when he goes home, to jot down a note about them. Some day similar objects will appear in the West labeled 'Made in Japan.' These traits indicate why the Japanese have the

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reputation of being such marvelous and dangerous spies and also why they have been able to adjust themselves so rapidly to modern economics.

Instances of this nature give evidence of a rare spiritual force and a great ingenuity at adaptation, but they also indicate a rather too supple character and one too skilled in the art of dissimulation. The refined politeness of the Japanese, the humility with which he speaks of his family, and the flowery compliments with which he questions his visitor offer further evidence in the same direction. But before accusing a whole nation of insincerity, it is well to examine its character more profoundly.

The Japanese is bound to do honor to his host and to his guest. He therefore praises his host or guest and abases himself to a similar degree, but in words only. Moreover, the customs of a very ancient civilization suggest to him refinements that amaze and sometimes shock us. Nevertheless, we must remember that a race so different from our own has its own way of expressing its sentiments. For instance, a Japanese will always laugh as he informs us of his mother's death, although he honors her. This does not mean that he takes pleasure in what pains any well-born spirit. He simply wishes to mask his own grief so that his sympathetic interlocutor will not have to share so much of it. Japanese politeness is a mask, but when one searches for its origin or significance one almost always finds some noble or delicate thought. In any case, there is no touch of low obsequiousness. Can we then say that the Japanese is a liar by nature and education? Certainly not, but he is a born diplomat. His complex nature cannot easily be detected behind the ornaments with which he loves to surround himself. A clever tactician, he is skilled at revealing himself as little as possible and profits at once from the least mistake his adversary may make. This often makes him highly redoubtable, for he is constantly advancing toward the end he has fixed for himself and has long been a past master of ostentation and retort.

SINCE the Japanese is always wide awake, tirelessly promoting whatever may be useful to his national interests in every field, he sometimes asks an embarrassing number of precise questions. But in his own country he is excessively jealous of what he believes it is prudent to hide from indiscreet ears and eyes. Only with special permission, which is rarely given, is one allowed to visit military manœuvres in Japan and there are certain naval manœuvres where special defense tactics are employed from which foreign ships are pitilessly excluded. In one of the chief commercial ports foreigners are not allowed to take photographs, even of their own boat as it lies at the dock, although the dock belongs to a private company and does not contain any details that an expert eye could not find in other countries.

Everyone knows how ardently and successfully Japan has thrown itself into the seething furnace of modern civilization. One cannot but admire the intelligence, will power, and spirit with which this nation has so rapidly equaled its masters. To-day, Japan is producing its own intellectuals, engineers, industrialists, soldiers, and sailors. In every branch of human

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activity it is a formidable competitor of the oldest Western nations. But we keep finding the same methods of national formation, of which I shall give a typical example. Well-educated Roman Catholic girls are carefully chosen and sent to Europe as novices in one of the most celebrated and aristocratic orders for women, so that they may observe and learn everything about its organization and rules. They then return to Japan to found a native order. Thus they borrow from the Occident a life-giving source of moral power, but they do so in order to give Japan a Japanese religious order. Little exiles, your gentle smiles remind one of primitive paintings of saints. You are working for your country and at the same time for your God.

In ordinary life the Japanese is an agreeable person. He is sincere in the sense that he does not try to deceive for the pleasure of deceiving. He is affable, never abandoning the most courteous tone of politeness, and he does services gladly provided he can do them himself. He is very honest in business. Also remember that he is as careful in the care of his body as in the care of his house. Washing and taking a bath every day are universal customs, even among the lowest classes.

These rapid notes permit us to draw a few conclusions as to the Japanese soul. A religious patriotism based on a cult of heroes and ancestors who protect the family and the nation; a sentiment of honor carried to the extreme. Together with these primordial virtues, a profound comprehension of nature, joined to a keen artistic sense that manipulates even the laws of nature to achieve an imaginary countryside; a highly refined politeness in dealing with other nations; a spirit of adaptation, unique in all the world; a marvelous diplomatic suppleness that never forgets the end in view.

Seen through Western eyes, these very real and noble qualities are not without certain defects. But a nation that possesses them to such a high and universal degree is certainly a great nation, a very great nation, worthy of the high rank that it occupies, and that its ardent and persevering efforts are raising still further.

II. 'For Ways That Are Dark'

By J. O. P. Bland

From the *English Review*, London Conservative Monthly

When Bret Harte described 'the heathen Chinee,' fifty years ago, as peculiar 'for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,' he had in mind the only type of Celestial he knew, namely, that immigrant to the gold fields of California who had lost many of his native virtues by contact with the Caucasian. Had he ever had occasion to observe his primordial yellow brother in his own habitat, he would probably have discovered, as many of us have done, that his ways are really no darker than those of any other species of the human race. Bret Harte's portrait of Ah Sin bears, in fact, unwitting testimony to the ready adaptability of the Chinese, and, at the same time, to the demoralizing effect of the white man's

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civilization upon their morals and manners. Moreover, it is to be observed that Ah Sin, like all his fellow countrymen on the Pacific Coast, was a Cantonese, and, if Bret Harte had ever lived in China, he would never have based his general indictment of the whole race on the character of those slim and restless southerners.

These reflections are inspired by the fact that another very different and equally misleading estimate of the Chinese as a race has lately come to be very generally accepted, once more as the result of America's superficial observation of the type of Chinese which now frequents the United States. Ah Sin has gone, with Roaring Camp, but the whirligig of time has brought in its revenges, and, to-day, his descendants, Jefferson Ping and Wellington Pong, are to be found at every American university and wherever the 'highbrows' forgather, playing the game of international politics with all the fertility of resource which Ah Sin brought to that of euchre. They are more than a match, in the matter of finesse, for the best brains of Caucasian diplomacy, and are adepts at concealing the pea of truth under the thimble of illusion. As easily as Ah Sin mastered and elaborated the intricacies of euchre, they have acquired the patter of international pacifism and can reel you off pontifical theses, of the kind in vogue at Washington or Geneva, as impressively as any Harvard professor. They play golf, dance in tuxedos to the strains of jazz, take high degrees in their stride, and, whenever occasion offers, discourse eloquently of racial equality, the emancipation of women, the evils of the opium trade, and what not.

And the Western world, hugging its pet delusions, persists in regarding these intellectual exotics as fair samples of the general mentality and morality of the Chinese people, and deals with them accordingly. Like Bret Harte, it ignores the all-important truth, to which I referred above, that the Oriental who comes under the influence of the white man's civilization becomes thereby demoralized. This influence is never sufficient to prevent him from reverting, sooner or later, to type; so long as it prevails, however, he moults, so to speak, his native plumage and divests himself of those native qualities and virtues which make the Chinese, in their own land, so lovable and admirable a race. That European sophistication is bad for the soul of the East is a simple truth which needs, I think, no demonstration. It confronts the traveler, self-evident and undeniable, at every turn of the road, from Tokyo to Mandalay, from Calcutta to Canton. It is equally undeniable, though less conspicuous at close range, in the semi-Westernized type of Oriental which emerges from English and American universities or from the educational establishments of missionary societies in China.

THROUGHOUT the two centuries of our direct intercourse with the Chinese, there has never been a time when the character of the race, with its infinite capacity for stoic endurance of tyrannous misrule, has been more pathetically revealed than it is to-day; never a time when the dominant morality of the educated ruling class (outcome of a social system so rigid that it leaves no scope for altruism) has asserted itself with such

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cynical indifference to the pitiful sufferings of the common people. Moreover, thanks to the indefatigable propaganda conducted by the agents of that ruling class abroad, there has never been a time when the permanent causes and results of that dominant morality were so generally misinterpreted and misunderstood.

For the last twenty years, China has been at the mercy of this or that group of political adventurers, ravaged and plundered by their hireling soldiery, bled white by their tax gatherers and compulsory loans. The only oases of equity and order to be found in all the desert of desolation that they have made, the only places where life and property are still fairly safe from the hand of the spoiler, are the treaty-port settlements, protected by the armed forces of the powers, and the Manchurian provinces, secure and prosperous under the *pax japonica*. All this vast country has been thus ruthlessly devastated for the sole benefit of a handful of war lords and politicians, most of whom have amassed great wealth and placed it in security abroad. I remember being told, ten years ago, by one who had been prime minister of China, that the private fortunes of some twenty men who had fought or bought their way to high office since the Revolution would then suffice to pay off the whole of China's foreign debt; and the opportunities for 'squeeze' on the grand scale exploited by these men were far less lucrative than those enjoyed by the present-day leaders of the Kuomintang at Nanking.

These are the broad facts of the situation, incontestable; yet the collective intelligence of Europe and America, misled by the skillful propaganda of Young China's intellectuals and by its own idealism, heeds them not, and continues to proclaim its benevolent sympathy for the patriotic aspirations of these lords of misrule. The attitude of patient conciliation which it has adopted toward them savors, indeed, of servility. Press, pulpit, and peace societies, in their enthusiasm for the fashionable ideals of democracy and pacifism, have combined to create a most effective smoke cloud of delusion about present-day China, and especially about the modern-type mandarin, the slim intellectual who memorizes the conventional jargon of political idealism as readily as his ancestors memorized the Confucian classics. As a result, public opinion in this country is on the whole less accurately informed now as to the Far East than it was in the days of the East India Company, a hundred years ago. Our board schools and our broadcasters have made fetishes of formulæ and creeds of catchwords, and distribute them wholesale to the rising generation. Demos, arrived at man's estate, has all his thinking done for him by a standardized press and the orthodox oracles of Savoy Hill. What wonder, then, if his mind responds automatically to the mass suggestion of a slogan? It is more manifestly true to-day than when Robert South wrote that 'the generality of mankind is wholly and absolutely governed by words and names, without, nay for the most part even against, the knowledge men have of things.'

But to return to our muttons. The whole record of our relations with China since the Washington Conference bears convincing testimony to

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the success with which the lineal descendants of Ah Sin have 'put it across' the political idealists of Geneva and Downing Street. One or two specific instances may serve, however, to show how wide is the gulf which divides the green pastures of the sentimental theorists from the stony road of reality. The most notable example of collective gullibility displayed by Europe in general, and England in particular, has been the treatment of the opium traffic. Even in the days of the Manchus, the mandarinate never ceased in its endeavors to persuade England, through the medium of the missionary societies, to put an end to the Indian opium trade. Its proclaimed purpose was the highly moral one of abolishing all traffic in the noxious drug, but the real object in view, as many competent observers then pointed out, was to secure a mandarin monopoly of traffic in the native-grown article, freed from all foreign competition. Having by dint of continuous agitation eliminated the Indian trade, China's official propagandists proceeded to explain that she could not hope to suppress the native opium business unless the powers conceded tariff autonomy. This having been achieved (and with it a large increase of revenue for the party in power at Nanking), all pretense of any intention to sacrifice the vastly lucrative opium monopoly was abandoned, except in official documents for consumption abroad.

The Opium Suppression Bureau is now working without concealment as the Government's chief agency for the promotion and control of the traffic. 'All up and down the Yangtze,' wrote a reliable correspondent some weeks ago, 'the movement of opium is quite open. Foreign shipping masters know that it is being carried in their vessels; so do the customs outdoor men; but neither dare interfere, literally for the sake of their lives.' So the traffic grows and thrives; in more than one province, farmers are compelled to plant a proportion of their land with poppy. Nor is opium the only drug that serves to fill the mandarins' coffers. A few months ago the League of Nations Advisory Committee had its attention drawn to the fact that the Chinese minister for the interior, in 1928, had issued a permit to an individual chemist for the importation of *four tons* of heroin; and other similar cases might be cited.

Nevertheless, the business of deluding public opinion abroad proceeds as briskly as the opium trade itself. The Nanking Suppression Bureau has recently issued a list of drastic regulations, purporting to prevent the importation of opium into China by foreign steamers and aëroplanes. At the same time, it has directed the provincial authorities to give their special attention to opium-smuggling by foreigners, and to furnish the head office with the photographs of foreign smugglers for communication to the League of Nations at Geneva. The League, no doubt, will be suitably impressed, and will continue, as before, to devote its benevolent activities to furtherance of the Nanking Government's purposes. Its spokesmen will continue to 'tell the world' from Savoy Hill that the Government at Nanking is in the hands of civilians, reformers all, and on the high road of progress. Has it not recently given widespread publicity and a promise of coöperation to Nanking's elaborate programme of measures for the pre-

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vention of sea-borne epidemic diseases, and for the organization of a national public-health service? Yet everyone in China knows that this imposing scheme has no more solid basis of reality than the Kuomintang's disarmament conferences, and that its primary objective is to secure a footing for the Kuomintang's officials in the unplundered area of the foreign settlements.

AGAIN, the modern-type mandarin's skill in acquiring 'face' at the expense of the confiding Caucasian was notably manifested last year, when His Majesty's Government agreed to send a naval mission to China for the purpose of assisting her to organize a national navy. No one with any knowledge of the actual condition of China's financial and military administration could have taken this scheme seriously, though Parliament was expected to do so. On the Chinese side, it was obviously one of several similar gestures, impressive but empty, which rely for their success upon the sentimental optimism or the short memory of those to whom they are addressed. On the British side, it remains inexplicable, because, in the light of repeated experience, it is manifestly futile. The Nanking Government does not possess the means or the men, even if it had the intention, to organize a modern navy, nor is it conceivable that any British adviser could prevent whatever ships it might acquire from following the example of its predecessors and placing its guns at the disposal of the highest bidder among the rival factions. The national navy, like the national budget that was to be framed with the advice of American experts, is merely a phantom of the mandarin mind, the baseless fabric of an imposing edifice of make-believe, skillfully designed to create a world-wide impression of enlightened and progressive administration, and thus to justify China's claim to rank on a footing of equality with the powers of Christendom.

To gain 'face' by the profession of laudable intentions has ever been a fundamental principle of the art of government in China, which has found expression in imperial edicts from time immemorial; but, for the purpose of beguiling the unsophisticated foreigner, it has been brought to a remarkable degree of effectiveness under the Westernized section of the Kuomintang, as the result of an elaborate technique of publicity and intensive propaganda. By this means it has successfully exploited the Western world's sentiments of pacifism, its sympathy for the ideals of self-determination and racial equality, and the obvious reluctance of the treaty powers to defend their just rights at the cost of military adventures. In achieving these ends, the Westernized mandarin has displayed the same supple adaptability which Ah Sin brought to bear when gambling with the Californian miners. The final discomfiture of that taper-fingered intellectual was due to the fact that the other parties in the game, though simple souls, were not disposed to be deceived. If his modern prototypes have so far succeeded in 'getting away with it,' it is chiefly because our political 'highbrows' are apparently only too willing, for the preservation of their own 'face,' to be convinced of the reality of the thing that is not.

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Persons and Personages

The Rise of Pierre Laval

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

THE POLITICAL RISE of M. Pierre Laval is certainly one of the most extraordinary on record. Less than ten years ago he was considered, because of his pronounced revolutionary views, a somewhat dangerous Socialist. To-day, at the age of forty-six, having been a member of three cabinets without distinguishing himself by any striking actions, he has been made premier. Few political figures have enjoyed such a rapid advance.

M. Laval certainly possesses a great capacity for work and a remarkable tenacity, and he deserves high credit for having pursued his education under very adverse circumstances. Of humble origin, he succeeded in completing his secondary studies without even the aid of a scholarship. Earning his living as a tutor, he then studied both law and science, finally receiving a licentiate in law and another in natural science. Admitted to the bar in Paris, he was elected deputy from Aubervilliers, a Paris suburb of which he is still mayor, in May 1914.

He was then a pronounced Socialist, which doubtless explains why he did not feel obliged to join the army when war broke out, although he was only thirty-one. (Deputies, of course, could choose between remaining in the Palais Bourbon or going to the trenches; some craftily had themselves assigned to safe posts behind the lines; a few really went to the front.) He did not pass for a completely passive Socialist, and I well recall how much I was struck toward the end of the War by the rather enigmatic—I should not quite say violent—character of some of his parliamentary utterances.

In the elections of November 1919 he was defeated. A year later the split in the Socialist Party occurred, some members, including Marcel Cachin, forming a Communist Party wholly subservient to Moscow, the others remaining Socialists as before. It seems that M. Laval could not decide which way to turn. The present secretary general of the Socialist Party, Deputy Paul Faure, who was close to him at that time, has published in the *Populaire* the following piquant anecdote, whose truth I cannot vouch for, but which does not seem improbable:—

'For several weeks after the split no one knew what M. Pierre Laval was going to do. Of course it was not a matter of historic importance, but it excited interest at the time. I met M. Pierre Laval and asked him

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what he was going to do, which way he would turn. Would it be Communism or Socialism? M. Laval was suffering from a bad attack of conscience. He stirred one's pity. He believed that some of the conditions imposed by Moscow were too rigorous, but we were far, far too pale, too moderate, too reformatory for him. He kept on hesitating, unable to decide between Socialism and Communism.'

Whatever one may think of this odd tale, it is at least certain that from that time on M. Laval never attached himself to any party. He steered his course with unusual skill, and his political influence was not bounded by the department of the Seine. He came more or less to dominate certain provincial papers, especially in the Puy-de-Dôme. In 1924 he recovered his seat as a deputy. In April 1925 he became minister of public works in Painlevé's cabinet. Toward the close of that same year he became keeper of the seals in Briand's government. And then, in 1929, M. Tardieu entrusted him with the portfolio of labor, which he retained until the formation of the Steeg cabinet. As early as last summer he began to be mentioned as the possible head of a new government.

It should be noted that in 1927 M. Laval passed from the Chamber to the Senate. His election as senator from the Seine was due to a combination of moderate votes, whereas that of M. Steeg was obtained through a combination of Socialist and even Socialist-Communist votes. These little electoral details are not without interest, for they explain to a certain degree the difference of attitude between these two politicians during the recent crises.

NOW M. Laval has attained the highest honors while he is still a young man, and it is unanimously admitted that he has filled successfully all the posts he has occupied. As keeper of the seals he was entrusted with questions concerning Alsace and Lorraine, with which he was poorly acquainted, yet he handled these difficult matters with skill. Last year, as minister of labor, he successfully acquitted himself of the delicate task of applying without too much friction the somewhat awkward social-insurance law and of gently liquidating a serious social conflict in the north of France. Yet the reputation that he acquired in this way, genuine though it was, does not suffice to explain why he was chosen, without any serious opposition, to direct the whole policy of France.

One factor that has contributed much to his success is that the prewar generation of statesmen, which has been occupying the centre of the stage, is now almost at its last gasp. The next generation, which is no longer young, achieved the premiership for the first time with M. Tardieu, and will henceforth be called to power more often. But, since it bore the brunt of the War, it does not contain many first-rate men. Moreover, in

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the present confused and divided state of the political parties, when it is difficult to form a stable majority, many people believe that a man who has stood in well with almost all the groups (or at least who has not antagonized any) and who is able to separate or unite political elements by skillful offstage operations is what the present situation demands. Time will tell if they are right.

M. Laval does not make a very favorable first impression. His bearing is not distinguished, and his slight Auvergne accent, while not disagreeable, lacks charm. One does not feel as if one were in the presence of a great statesman. But it should be said that appearances are sometimes deceptive. After all, our new premier may be a man of the first rank. No man can be judged by surface impressions and just because M. Laval's career does not show great constancy of principles one should not therefore form an unfavorable opinion of his future. We may be pleasantly surprised.

Let us note, in closing, one curious little detail. M. Laval has always worn a large white cravat of the regatta type, such as used to be seen in the summer time twenty-five or thirty years ago. Now that he is premier, he still remains faithful to this odd sartorial habit, which attracts the attention of all who see it. Is it as the result of a vow that M. Laval thus sets himself apart from ordinary mortals? Is this cravat a fetish, a talisman to which the head of our government attaches especial significance? That is a minor mystery to which we have not the key. In any case, M. Laval's white cravat is already becoming legendary.

Ludwig at Fifty

By Stefan Zweig

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

He is to-day, throughout the entire world, the most widely read German author; he has revivified biography; he is the witness and recorder of all temporal glory. Who would have conceived of this development in a disciple of D'Annunzio and Hofmannsthal, in a man who began his career by writing the tenderest sort of poetry, who displayed himself in his tragedies, which were classical and therefore impractical for dramatic use, as a German Preraphaelite loving the dim hues and solemn forms of an art that was faded and touched by death? Yet even then one element was constantly perceptible in him, lending his existence its characteristic force, gradually and consciously gaining an ascendancy over him and thus bringing his art to its full effectiveness. This element was his passionate and enthusiastic reverence for everything of a creative

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nature, his irresistible love of art in all its manifestations, his enthusiasm for the beautiful and the powerful in all their earthly guises.

To glorify, to become inspired by, and to extend inspiration to others were already elementary needs in the life of this young man. I recall distinctly our first meeting. We were with Richard Dehmel, and I remember how Ludwig, glowing with respect, regarded the great, dark, severe figure of the master, how it thrilled him to be serving this master, how everything that had been given form through art—a verse, a Greek statue, a piece of carved stone, a faded copperplate engraving—fired the slender young man. Suddenly this retiring individual, who referred reluctantly and with an almost nervous haste to his own poetic endeavors, would reveal an impetuosity of reaction that caused one to marvel at the breadth of knowledge and artistic experience that the slightest stimulus would lay bare, and at the ease and grace with which he controlled and disposed of his abundant experience. At that period it was only in conversation with him that one perceived what was later to assume significance as the law of his creative activity and was to affect countless thousands of people, namely his particular capacity to arrange his inner mental wealth in forms that were facile because they were harmonious and convincing because they were intelligible. His unique talent was implicit in his person before it appeared in his literary works.

To discover his real and peculiar sphere of creation he was obliged to travel a roundabout road, long, difficult, and probably often productive of pain. His first and truest devotion was to austere forms, to poetry, to a poetic temple service as Stephan George and the Hofmannsthal of earlier days conceived it. But Ludwig shared the experience of that entire generation, an experience that affected his masters, Hofmannsthal and D'Annunzio. Abruptly their world of dissociation from actuality became too cramped for them; they realized that it was no longer possible to spend their whole lifetime in a sphere of artistic creation remote from their own period, and that in order to feel at one with the present they needed bonds with contemporary life and its problems. Hofmannsthal abandoned George's coterie and went forth to seek a connection with immediate reality through the stage; D'Annunzio allied himself with his country's political destiny. These examples on the part of his masters caused the younger man to recognize the sterility inherent in mere adaptation and imitation of the poetic forms of antiquity, the unproductiveness of writing purely symbolic literary dramas like *Meleager* and *Atalanta* during a period that already gave advance indications of tremendous popular commotion. In one stride the young man abandoned the world of symbols and passed into the world of reality. Simultaneously, with the sweeping impulsiveness of his temperament, he went from one extreme to the other, from poetry to journalism.

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The service he rendered to the age and to the newspaper field was assuredly of the loftiest type. His ability to shape written words, to make knowledge valuable, to respond to the poetic urge stood Emil Ludwig in good stead when he portrayed landscapes, men, and political relationships. As a reporter during the War he wrote accounts such as that of the voyage of the *Goeben* or descriptions of interviews with various disillusioned rulers of the war period which surpassed his earlier efforts to a degree of which he himself was not wholly aware. By means of these war-time writings (most of which have not been published in book form), through the human intensity of his ardor and through his power of description, which had been trained in a poetic school, he attained a level of journalism which had scarcely ever before been reached. But, although he may not have been conscious of it, this period in his life represented an apprenticeship just as the former years had. He was not yet creating in his true and individual manner nor had his characteristic talents been fully released.

IT WAS after the War that he first associated himself with his proper subject-matter. For that whole generation, for all of us who began our lives before the War in the old forms that had once been appropriate, the world upheaval also signified an inner upheaval. Every man who concluded, on the basis of the experience of the War, that a new epoch had begun and that it must be encountered with freshly composed and altered bearing, more vehemently, more passionately, more capably, and with more determination—every man who felt problems penetrating the inner depths of his spiritual life was called upon to speak out. All the others, who still wished to turn back across the flaming barriers into a past that could no longer be reconstructed, were and are as if they did not exist; they failed to keep abreast of the times and became as if dead in relation to the new epoch. Emil Ludwig understood the teaching of events more clearly than most people, and for that very reason he became important to those of lesser understanding. His political knowledge, accumulated through much experience, now associated itself finally with the scrutiny that he turned upon greatness.

His monumental analyses of Goethe, Napoleon, and Lincoln, and his reinterpretation of Bismarck demanded presentation in the grand manner and style. At the same time he endeavored to arouse the spirit of contemporary self-consciousness to his own pitch of ardor by means of political manifestos such as *Wilhelm II* and *Juli 1914*. Because he had suddenly attained the vision appropriate to the perception of significant problems, he saw that it was important to display the essential form of the spiritual leader to an epoch that had met tragedy through the per-

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sonal defects of its outstanding statesmen. Since that time, from Lenin to Mussolini, and even to Hitler, this problem of leadership has in fact proved most significant. Thus the success of Ludwig's biographies cannot be attributed to chance. Their effect corresponded to the aspirations of the entire world, aspirations that Ludwig revealed in literary and artistic terms. For no generation has ever trusted so fervently and with such complete intellectual conviction as our own in the importance and efficacious magic of personality. No generation has ever been so captivated by this problem that makes itself felt in the scientific sphere as well as in art and daily life. Nor has any past generation ever been so profoundly concerned by the presence of heroic figures in the midst of the inarticulate masses. The period through which we are passing no longer expects all salvation to proceed from collective reason or from leagues of nations and conferences of prime ministers, but looks to some great individual figure, some demiurge, a divine sculptor of worlds, a single personality great in its uniqueness.

Ludwig has aided our period to identify and clarify this tendency by means of his noteworthy biographies, which convince through their lucidity and omniscience and which succeed in systematizing and presenting an abundance of knowledge with limpid dexterity. In accomplishing this he has made the world more passionate in that he has stimulated people to declare themselves adherents or opponents of certain points of view. He has stirred up opposition and inflamed enthusiasm. He has achieved his vigorous effects by making the problem of personality appear in sharp and burning outline to an epoch uncertain of its own character. His achievement would be marked as significant if only by reason of his immense knowledge, inconceivable diligence, and artistic passion, together with his high degree of facile execution. In terms of pure space, in terms of pure literary accomplishment, these thousands of welded elements and vital material transmuted into artistic form bear witness even in the eyes of a literary comrade to a working energy that is scarcely comprehensible. And there is proof that the poet in Emil Ludwig has not been irrevocably lost during the incessant process of creative composition and compilation. The testimony lies in his little book of verse, called *Tom and Silvester*, which has been quite submerged by the tumultuous success of his biographies.

To my mind this little booklet of music, wit, and philosophic reflection is the most enchanting and charming thing he has done. It was fashioned with a light touch and perhaps on that account possesses qualities of permanence. It is precisely in this small brochure that I find assurance that we still have reason to anticipate surprises of all sorts from this Proteus. At present he portrays those whom the pressure of enthusiasm or hatred impels him to interpret. Yet it is fair to assume that in the

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ripe age of the artist the creator himself will emerge more distinctly from behind the figures he has shaped. For in the mind of the artist, who loves his work as the essential meaning of his existence, resting never implies a condition of indolence. It signifies rather a peaceful transition from one sort of creative activity to another that is more exacting.

Ivar Kreuger

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

AMONG BUSINESS MEN who, on account of their achievements during the last ten difficult post-war years, have won international repute, few have attained the notoriety of the managing director of the Swedish Match Company and of Kreuger and Toll. Yet few have kept themselves so immune from the limelight of personal publicity. Ivar Kreuger was born in 1880 in a small Swedish country town, his father being the manager of a match factory that belonged to the family. Having at the early age of twenty passed his final examinations at the Royal Technical University in Stockholm, he went abroad to gain experience and to try his fortune. Starting with no capital at his disposal, in New York he worked for a real-estate firm; in Illinois he was employed by a railway contractor; and in Mexico he worked on bridge-building.

After that he went to Johannesburg, which was the scene of his initial venture as entrepreneur. A syndicate which was constructing an hotel was unable to complete its undertaking; Kreuger managed to secure the necessary backing, took over the enterprise, and made a profit of several thousand pounds, which, characteristically, he spent on traveling through many countries and acquiring first-hand knowledge of markets and languages. As he remarked to a friend in later life: 'The money was useful to gain experience while I had the time. I never doubted the possibility of getting more money. But time and opportunity come only once.' When, at the age of twenty-seven, he returned to Sweden, he had been actively engaged in business under varying conditions, not only in the employ of others, but also on his own account; and he had seen that hard work, careful calculation, and sound sense are necessary requisites for success.

It was in 1907 that Ivar Kreuger, together with his friend, Paul Toll, also an engineer, started a contracting firm in Stockholm for construction works that four years later was transformed into a limited company, Kreuger and Toll. Thanks to the family interest in match production, Ivar Kreuger in 1913 became more actively occupied with that industry, and it was then that Kreuger and Toll acquired its first holdings of shares in a match-manufacturing company. Having seen the great pos-

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sibilities that this industry offered, he became, in 1917, the driving force in bringing about a great amalgamation of Swedish match manufacturers, which was given the name, 'The Swedish Match Company.'

More than 90 per cent of the production of Swedish matches being exported, management of the new company meant that Ivar Kreuger became confronted with the great problems of selling on the world markets. He was able to attach to himself a staff of highly qualified collaborators, with whose assistance the Swedish match industry was gradually transformed into a world industry, with subsidiary companies or other allied enterprises in all the most important countries. A great step forward was taken when, in connection with the acquisition of match-monopoly concessions, loans were granted to governments against the security of the royalties payable for the concessions—a combination of financial and industrial enterprises that was attractive both to the states in need of money and to those who provided the funds, to whom it afforded special guarantees. Indeed, it was in this salient example of striking a new line in business policy that Ivar Kreuger showed pre-eminently his power of creating original ideas. As the originator of a system (fairly comparable with the League idea of international loans) where security for international borrowing in the disturbed aftermath of the War could be wedded with commercial advantage for the lender, he is entitled to credit for a real *idée géniale* springing from a mind determined to overcome difficulties, and fruitful of notions when lesser men are inclined to shrug shoulders over the insurmountable.

IT IS difficult to write of Ivar Kreuger except in relation to what he has done. This is not only because his life is his work, but also because Ivar Kreuger has whole-heartedly and single-mindedly devoted himself to his enterprises without any excursions into political or other side channels. Not that he has no other interests: he reads a great deal—novels, biography, political and geographical literature; and he is a frequent playgoer and a lover of music. In his outlook he is probably most akin to the Anglo-Saxon nations, but he takes a great interest in, and is very much charmed by, French culture. He finds the time to occupy himself with his books and his friends because he has absolutely refused to take any part in ordinary society life. He regards himself as a business man who has too much responsible work to do to fritter away his time, and who is intent on keeping fit for his main tasks.

Through his work in many countries while he was still in the early twenties, Ivar Kreuger learned to speak and write three or four foreign languages. In this he was helped by his remarkable memory, which is a great asset to a man with such world-wide interests. For example, he has

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shown himself capable of remembering the precise terms of a letter hastily read four years ago; and his power of recollecting the exact words of long-past conversations is extraordinary. He is a perfect master of his material: what is most striking in the workings of his mind as well as in the organization he has built up is the astonishing simplicity by which it is characterized. No efforts seem to be wasted; but, on the other hand, no efforts are spared when it is a question of judging the value of a new investment or embarking upon a new financial scheme. Successful business certainly depends greatly on flair, but only he can be lucky in the long run who bases his judgment upon an intimate knowledge.

It is significant that Ivar Kreuger began his career as a builder, and his most deep-rooted inclination is always to construct something durable. No example can be quoted of his acquiring control of an enterprise, squeezing out from it what could be obtained, and then leaving it to its fate. He has concentrated upon a relatively limited number of enterprises with which he is intimately concerned and to which he can devote his energy. His whole attitude toward business has been to keep in mind what will prove valuable in the long run; and he once said to a friend that he was always willing to make an immediate sacrifice if thereby he could gain some important advantage in years to come.

It has often been said in Sweden that, while the country produces excellent technicians, it is difficult to find leaders with sufficient business capacity. Ivar Kreuger has shown himself to possess a rare combination of technical knowledge and sense of financial realities. He would probably himself admit that the development of his enterprises has partly been due to unique opportunities. Few industries would be so well suited for the acquisition of government concessions and to be a basis for government loans as the match industry, and few countries would have been so acceptable from the political point of view as the ex-neutral country of Sweden; but it is to the credit of Ivar Kreuger that, with his collaborators, he has been able to take the fullest advantage of all the possibilities which the situation offered. It is also fair to say that, though, naturally, as a business man, he has had to further the interests of his companies, he has not lost sight of the wider aspects of the vast financial operations undertaken under his leadership. The reconstruction of post-war Europe has been a matter of genuine concern to him; and he has been anxious throughout to ensure, so far as possible, that funds supplied in return for concessions should not be used by the borrowers for unproductive or internationally deleterious purposes.

Each year in the reports of the Swedish Match Company and of Kreuger and Toll an account is given of the progress of the Kreuger concern and of the lines of policy adopted; but, apart from these statements, it has been the habit of Ivar Kreuger to refrain from public ap-

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pearance, a line of conduct motived to some extent by personal shyness. Last year he made, however, an exception to his rule in twice addressing American audiences—on the problems of 'transfers' of international debts and monetary policy. In his speech in Chicago he laid stress on the fact that to-day 'the money policy of the great nations must be governed to a large extent by international considerations rather than by local ones, and any attempt by a large creditor country to treat its money policy as a purely local problem may lead to disastrous results for the country itself, and particularly for its export trade.'

But apart from these isolated public pronouncements, he remains a figure curiously withdrawn from the gaze of a world in which his financial activities are of more than a little international moment. Acutely interested in human affairs, he enjoys an even temper which has its physical counterpart in an excellent constitution. Among his friends he is known for his almost proverbial kindness, and as a business man he has gained his position and his wealth without leaving enemies behind him.

Papini Returns to Anarchism

By Antoine Aniante

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

MUSSOLINI often asks for news of Papini. 'What is Papini doing? What do you think of Papini? Do his books interest you?' For Papini is one of the people who interest the Duce most.

At the beginning of his career Papini was a wild revolutionist, one of those futurists who went so far as to shoot off revolvers in theatres. He then disarmed himself and led a humble, saintly life, adopting the Christian faith. Now, however, it is said that he has resumed his terrible weapon of criticism, since he has just published a breviary of pessimism entitled *Gog*. I shall make no attempt to analyze this book and shall only endeavor to point out what a scandal it has raised in Italy. *Gog* appeared early in January and already rivers of ink have flowed in all the newspapers and reviews. The critics have been driven furious.

Pietro Pancrazi, a very distinguished writer and a fine Florentine critic who edits *Pegaso* together with Ugo Ojetti, an intimate friend of Papini, has sounded the keynote of attack in the *Corriere della Sera*, denouncing Papini's anarchistic resurrection. Piero Nardi takes up the same accusation in *Italia Litteraria*, the most important literary journal in Italy. We have still to hear from some of the younger critics before we can know whether Papini's reincarnation is acceptable, that is to say, whether the Pope and the Devil can be reconciled.

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Throughout the centuries Florence has produced poets, philosophers, painters, and historians who have been either very calm or very diabolic. What happier and more tranquil poet ever lived than Boccaccio, but what writer was ever more tortured by anxiety than Dante Alighieri? It is a familiar fact that many Tuscans are born and go on living possessed by the Devil, and we must never forget that Florence was the theatre of all kinds of wars. Its citizens are not peaceful men. Although they look tranquil enough outside, they are still suffering from eternal torments. Florence has the gentle, very charming aspect of a solitary city, rich in flowers and sadness and highly aristocratic. Foreigners live there in boredom and a handsome Turkish prince even committed suicide because he could find no distraction. And think how many revolutions and new artistic chapters Florence has opened in every century. To-day, again, the Tuscans largely control the management of state affairs and they maintain themselves in power with much honor. They are factious spirits who frequently descend from the lovely hills where Dante once lived, precipitating themselves on Rome, since they feel the need of bringing equilibrium to their country's spiritual life.

Papini, a native Florentine, grew up among these people and proved to be skillful at throwing stones through middle-class windows. His intimate friend, Giuseppe Prezzolini, introduced him to good literature and taught him Latin, and by the time the young man was twenty-five he was a celebrated autocrat of criticism who attacked everything. His words glowed with fire and he awakened the enthusiasm of his whole generation. Remaining for a while a disciple of Nietzsche, he presently turned on the Superman and, after being a pragmatist for an interval, he endeavored to destroy William James. Finally, having passed through a Bergsonian phase, he asked for nothing better than to throw the immortal author of *Creative Evolution* into the sea.

Papini followed every road, used every system, but denied them all, one after the other. When he spoke of Nietzsche all Italy became Nietzschean. When he introduced pragmatism everybody wanted to read William James. When he became a Bergsonian he made new disciples for his master. He even split with the futurists, whose cause he had enthusiastically adopted. In his best book, *A Finished Man*, he confessed that a great emptiness had taken possession of his soul and he thereby made emptiness fashionable.

WHEN the War broke out Papini, having very bad eyes, became a solitary figure, staying at home, and working; but a sad, discontented fellow such as he could not have participated in the world conflict even if he had been physically fit. Then Fascism appeared soon after the War

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ended. As usual Papini concentrated on himself. He cultivated his little country estate, living with only his wife and children. While Italy was arming itself to destroy Bolshevism Papini, a big fellow six feet tall, measured his length on the ground at the feet of Christ. His work as a Catholic writer includes his *Life of Christ*, which displays the same admirable ease that he exerted twenty years ago when he sang the praises of the Antichrist. Now, however, he gained millions of admirers all over the world.

To-day, with the same assurance, he finds himself standing where he did twenty years ago, losing the Christian faith that he acquired. He is abandoning it, falling into the blackest pessimism, and finding himself again in the muscular arms of Schopenhauer. 'Is not bread perhaps the only thing that nourishes man, the only truth in the world? I have never tasted anything so rich and pleasing as bread. Is it not really the true nourishment of man and his true life?'

These are the final words that his hero, Gog, speaks. They are filled with an infinite sadness and I feel great sympathy for Papini's suffering. With all his celebrity and all his millions of followers, he remains young at heart and believes himself to be the most blasé and desolate person in the world. He bites the dust in anger and cries like a child. Quitting like a leper the temple of Christ where for years he has been kneeling in prayer while his publishers made money from his conversion, he now emerges with his enormous Beelzebub face, his huge pair of glasses perched on his nose, shouting blasphemies and insults at the Mother Church and her dogma, while the critics protest and the priests foam at the mouth. He is accused of bad faith, of being nothing but an impenitent sophist with genius. Other critics, however, are trying not to write with too much hostility about him and a few of his most intimate friends are trying to save him from papal excommunication, asserting that Papini is not Gog, and that his ideas are not those of his unfortunate hero.

Certainly the scandal will not be suppressed, nor will it be ended by a few articles in reviews and newspapers. Papini is again in the public eye, but I should not be at all surprised if his ideal body, that is to say his mind, were burned at the stake where Savonarola, the rebel, was burned on the Piazza della Signoria in Florence.

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The most influential French novelist now living is here interpreted and judged by a distinguished fellow craftsman. See 'Books Abroad' for a review of M. André Gide's most recent book.

André Gide, Saint *or* Demon?

By MARCEL ARLAND

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Monthly

'ONE SUMMER EVENING we were returning from Honfleur. We two were seated outside the carriage; the others were inclosed within. The road was long and night was falling quickly. One shawl enveloped us both and brought our foreheads close together. "Sister," I said, "I have the Gospel with me. If you wish we can read it together while there is still a little light."

'"Let us read," Emmanuèle replied, and when I had finished reading I said, "If you wish, my sister, we might pray together."

'"No," she said, "let us pray silently. Otherwise we shall think of ourselves more than of God."'

André Gide was hardly more than twenty when he wrote this passage in his first book, *Cahiers d'André Walter*, yet this Christian with such a pure, grave accent was destined to raise a scandal when he wrote *Corydon*, to be called demoniac, and to hear it said that he had long ago renounced salvation. This unknown adolescent, lacking any great assurance, is now at sixty years of age the disputed but real master of modern letters, the writer who for the last twelve years has exercised the most profound influence, one of those rare spirits of whom it can be said that after him literature and thought are no longer what they were before.

There is no writer to-day who has divided public opinion more and who at the same time has had more reservations made about him, nor is there any writer so misunderstood. Most of the hatred and passionate admiration that Gide has attracted can be said to have been falsely exercised. They were aroused by one side of his nature only, whereas if another side had been

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viewed, or if the whole man had been considered, different emotions would have resulted. André Gide has been looked upon sometimes as a saint, sometimes as a demon. For that matter it seems as if he rather enjoyed being equivocal, partly, perhaps, as a game, partly out of disdain for overhasty opinions, partly out of contempt for his adversaries, and partly out of sheer bravado. Most of us are impelled to conceive of our whole life as symbolized in the present instant and to simplify our whole complexity in order the better to serve the passion of the moment. This is particularly true when we are writers and are confronted by the necessity of being striking and convincing. I am inclined to believe, however, that M. Gide felt the same uncertainty about himself that his readers do, that he has only discovered himself little by little, and that he had to juxtapose a series of fragmentary images before he could gain a clear conception of himself.

It is when we consider all these images together that we see that they do not contradict one another, but that they are necessary and complementary, just as the different literary genres and even different styles that M. Gide has had to use are none the less all the work of the same writer and ultimately give an impression of unity. But it is now becoming increasingly obvious that all these images, genres, and styles are uniting and merging into a single whole and are revealing a portrait of M. Gide that we can at last consider to be complete.

Close examination of this portrait in all its aspects shows that from the time when M. André Gide was a young man reading the Bible until he wrote *Corydon* he has remained faithful to himself and that he deserves more than any other modern writer to be looked upon not as a demon or as a saint but as a man.

WHEN one studies the work of a man like Gide, which can scarcely be separated from his life, two reservations must be made. In the first place, such a writer often sets forth certain qualities that correspond more to what he would like to be than to what he really is. But I attach more importance to my second complaint, which is that in justifying one of his acts or inclinations a writer often erects a doctrine. Of course it is difficult for a book not to be, either consciously or otherwise, a personal apology. But the least one can demand is that this justification of an individual should not claim universal doctrinal value. Yet Gide has frequently put forward a personal peculiarity that has been useful to him as if it were a virtue in itself and almost indispensable to other people. Thus he makes his spiritual indecision into a universal virtue, and it is indeed a virtue as far as he is concerned, but he does not recognize that it might be a weakness in somebody else or that this other person's virtue might be just the opposite, namely faith or violence.

From his first book to his last, Gide claims to deliver and enrich mankind. He has incessantly waged war against whatever seemed to limit his own personality, against weakness, blindness, moral customs, social usages, contesting their rights or making them subordinate to other rights. It is therefore only natural

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that most of his work should be satirical, in the sense that the works of Pascal, Rousseau, and Rabelais are satirical. But with them satire is not an end in itself. It attacks and destroys only in order to defend and build up. A new doctrine, even if it is one of charity, can be established only on the ruins of another doctrine. Two of Gide's books, *Paludes* and *Les Caves du Vatican*, have less value as satires on a certain state of mind than as a means of exciting the reader to adopt an opposite attitude. However, even when Gide introduces a character after his own heart, he does not completely refrain from satirizing him. For Gide demands clearness above all things and there can be no lucid work, no matter how fond the author may be of his hero, that does not become here and there a satire upon this hero or at least upon his limitations and weaknesses.

Two books, *L'Immoraliste* and *La Porte Étroite*, seem to me to reveal this point clearly. Some people see in *La Porte Étroite* a satire on the character of Alissa, but not so clear a one as to dissipate doubt as to the author's real intentions. Others see in this book an apology for renunciation and for purity, which they deny that Ménalque's cynical friend has the right to offer. But *La Porte Étroite* is both an apology and a satire. It is an apology for one of the rarest of passions, but it is also a respectful satire because the passion is an exclusive one and develops to the detriment of other sentiments no less human. Looked at from another point of view, *La Porte Étroite*, an apology for renunciation, is a satire on *L'Immoraliste*, in which the touching character of Marceline is opposed to the characters of Michel and Ménalque. Nothing reveals Gide's tendencies more clearly than this perpetual balance within a single book or between one book and another. He does not attach himself to this man or to that one but to man as a whole, ridding him of his tribulations and his idols, familiarizing him with himself and his destiny, giving him the greatest possible sum of wisdom, power, and happiness.

Henri Massis once called Gide demoniacal. Without making such an extreme accusation, many of Gide's readers are made uncomfortable by the peculiar atmosphere of his work, which they decry for its permanent identification with things that one generally finds suspicious and malignant. It seems to be a fact that everything troublesome at once arouses Gide's interest, which is not the same thing as his sympathy. But, whether Gide merely examines or whether he cherishes these troublesome affairs, he sees in them a sign of transformation, of rebirth, or of possible beauty. It is a mistake to consider André Gide the apostle of anxiety. What he preaches is not anxiety but vibration, the vibration Goethe spoke of, a condition that seemed precious to him in a work or in a human being. No writer of our day has been more eager for balance and health, more desirous of that infinitely rare, peaceful condition which is neither distraction nor slumber but the feeling of the least imperfect accord that is possible between ourselves and our destiny.

THE pathways into which Gide has ventured are pathways which, either through fear or contempt, have

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been carefully avoided by other systems of morality. For it was precisely his nature not to accept the taboos that others had set up. Certain causes that had apparently been settled once and for all had been settled only to the satisfaction of a caste or a church or in the interests of public tranquillity. Castes, churches, and authorities may disappear. Judgments that have been passed remain because they are so old, because of human laziness, and because of the need that almost all of us feel for rigorous prohibitions and for some kind of hell. Gide's activities have first of all been exercised to give value and even prime value to what most people previously regarded as negligible, matters connected more with hygiene than with morality, especially the body, its freedom and its full enjoyment.

In regard to what is generally called 'evil,' Gide's attitude seems far from uniform. Many things have been called evil out of ignorance or out of some special interest. Gide attempts to demonstrate that a man can find enrichment in evil, taking as examples certain forms of pride, cruelty, duplicity, and egotism. But if it is a question of some act or pernicious sentiment, can we, Gide asks us, judge a man and a whole life on the basis of one act or one sentiment? For this act or sentiment may perhaps lead to a reaction much more valuable than the original action was deplorable. And even if it does not lead to such a result perhaps it is a sign of an especially rich life, as in the case of the prodigal son who left his father's house. The motto which Gide chose for a series of stories, 'Judge not,' taken from the Gospels, can be applied to his whole work. If he refuses to pass judgment it is because he knows that one is never quite sure of the real causes of an act and of the significance that it may have for the future, and, above all, because he is afraid of denying and condemning to death some fertile principle hidden in such an act.

In his attacks as well as in his defense of certain tendencies that are unpopular or misunderstood, he has revealed rare courage and constancy. Indifferent as I am to *Corydon* and the closing pages of *Si le grain ne meurt*, I admire Gide profoundly for having published them. Indeed, one can almost say that for André Gide the world is not divided into good and evil but all beings and all things are confused in an enormous state of innocence.

By this I do not mean that he is equally attracted or equally indifferent to everything, nor do I mean that he is animated by certain passions that are not usually esteemed. One need only recall his sense of equity, the generosity with which he took up the cause of the Niger negroes and attacked the foolishness and cruelty of their administrators, or, to take a more simple instance, the touching graciousness that he imparts in spite of himself to those of his characters who are weak but not evil or who are consumed by some beautiful passion. And, finally, one need only recall his attitude toward laziness, false romanticism, blindness, and, above all, to mediocrity, insignificance, that very real kind of death against which every grand intellectual effort has protested.

The fact that Gide, at the age of sixty, is returning to Montaigne and Goethe seems to me full of significance.

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Gide, who has attacked morality only in the name of a new morality, is finally, in the fullness of time, making himself a follower of that great tradition of happy spirits who combine with the knowledge of man that all great moralists possess a profound love of life, who set forth the most harmoniously complex image of man, and who place above everything else the exercise of their own moral and physical aptitudes—a conscious activity which is without any other ambition beyond fulfilling itself, but which each of us endeavors to control in an effort to bring it into increasing accord with the laws of nature.

IF we turn to the external qualities of Gide's books, we are at once struck by the patience and prudence with which he composed them. Indeed, his patience and prudence are infinite and sinuous, sometimes seeming ironic, so that one is half tempted to think they are tricks or signs of indifference.

But stop. The fact that he refuses to give himself up naïvely to perpetual calculation of effect indicates, perhaps more clearly than anything else, Gide's strength and, I may even say, his grandeur. His books would have a less permanent resonance if they touched us more when we first read them. 'I write to be reread,' he has said. This is true. There is not one of his books that does not gain each time it is read over, for the faint mist that hangs over it preserves it against the assaults of time. Gide's books are born well rounded and that is why, at first glance, they often seem old-fashioned. They can get along without any exciting effects, for they glow with a constant light.

Gide has often been reproached with not being able to give life to his characters. But what kind of life? Gide understands all too clearly his virtues and his weaknesses to want to rival Stendhal or Daudet. He makes no effort to come to grips with exterior life, and when he endeavors to do so he generally fails, as happened in *Les Faux-Monnayeurs* and *L'École des Femmes*. But he is almost perfect in a sketch like *Isabelle* and, best of all, he has presented to us certain admirable creatures, Alissa, Michel, Marceline, beautiful and touching ideas in human form. The truth is that he is less interested in the individual than in his meaning, so that every one of his characters represents in some way the symbol of some entity.

If one quality can be attributed to him above all others in his art and thought, it is economy. It would be too easy to show how economical he is in his choice of words and sentence structure and in his composition of a book as a whole. But his economy also prevents him from drawing premature conclusions, as almost all young writers do. It is his economy that makes him choose for each part of each book the literary form, the scope, and the style that best suit the subject, so that his entire work forms a single whole without overemphasis or repetition. He has composed his work just as he has created his moral life.

He has always endeavored to see the distinctive qualities of classicism in their true light and no writer of ours for a long time has better deserved the name of classicist. But I am afraid that Gide deceives himself in believing that constraint plays such a large part in the development of the

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classical tradition. Classic work is born without effort. Its discretion is not calculated. Its modesty is not artificial. Racine did not restrain his audacity. He did not dream that anyone could be more audacious than he. To put the matter more accurately, constraint, shame, discretion, modesty are qualities that classical work has acquired in our eyes, but they are qualities that did not exist when these works were born. Gide, in his judgment of classical works, is a typical child of the twentieth century.

But Gide's wisdom and infinite scrupulousness are admirable none the less, as is the good taste which excludes from his work any overemphasis and all facile pathos. His voice has a more lasting charm because it is always calm and without any evident passion. His teaching deserves all the more credit because he has been long in finding it out and above all because it is not the creation of a poet but the essence of a life. For in the work of this prudent man who has come in contact with everything, each page arises from a personal experience which he is almost always able to raise into the sphere of universality.

Greatly as I esteem his work and tempted as I am to give it my undivided allegiance, certain reservations occur to me. His lucidity and independence are among the virtues that I rate most highly, but no sooner have they put me at my ease and made me feel that I am in the presence of a friendly and familiar spirit than I begin vainly waiting for other signs, perhaps less rare and more intimate, that would assure me of a more completely human community of interests. It is difficult to read a book of Gide's without admiration, but it is more difficult still to read it with real love.

For one resents the way this man controls and conceals himself. Just when he seems most candid and about to come to grips with a problem, he smilingly disappears. What is this perpetual flight? What is this distance that he puts between us? What are these infinite precautions, these detours, allusions, silent bursts of laughter, and sighs, not one of which is a real complaint? One feels impatient, ill at ease; one wishes that a life, a character would rise out of his book; and one also misses the lost-child note with which the really great artist touches our hearts. No one has made better use of his abilities than Gide, who has capitalized his faults as much as his virtues, but our secret love goes out to those who seem carried away by some implacable demon, who squander themselves and lose themselves.

OFTEN a man destroys himself with his own weapons. Gide has watched himself so carefully and has so prudently composed his own image that perhaps he has prevented the free expansion of his natural life. Gide perpetually justifies himself. He is always right. He never fails to show us again and again that he is a great writer. Unquestionably, he is not mistaken on this point, but he protests too much.

There is in Gide's work and above all in his life, in so far as he lets us see it, an immense lacuna, and perhaps it is this that provokes me: Gide ignores sorrow. I want to guard myself against any romantic phraseology, for the cult of sorrow is often not without

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weakness and foolishness. But all of Gide's intelligence, all his intuition, and all the real goodness that I believe is in him have not been able to take the place of what sorrow would have brought. What if he had suffered Oscar Wilde's fate? He would have revealed himself from another point of view, for one can hardly question that we should have seen something else than the intelligent snob we know, a man who seems rather pitiful when life comes close to him.

It is a dangerous destiny to be a constantly happy man, for such a destiny keeps one from experiencing certain sorrows and needs and from understanding certain people. Gide's work lacks the rushing waters of life that many less precious works offer us, the waters that flow with unconscious profusion and that men instinctively bathe in at certain times, when they are in love, when they are afraid, or when they feel naked and alone. As he himself says, Gide addresses himself chiefly to subtle spirits. More and more the ultimate end of his work seems to be understanding. Gide tends to be satisfied with the attitude of a spectator, in relation both to others and to himself—a spectator without hatred, to be sure, and perhaps, in spite of appearances, without irony, but a man in whom one divines more curiosity and indulgence than love. This is a legitimate attitude, and it is appropriate to Gide's life and work. We must also remember, before passing judgment, that there is not one of Gide's books and hardly one of his pages that does not force us to question the value of our lives and our gods.

The importance of his work is guaranteed to me by the problems that it raises, even in the minds of his most vehement detractors. It is not the work of a pure spirit, nor of a pure sensualist, nor even the work of an extremely sensitive man, but one always finds in it a soul.

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After flying across the Sahara from north to south, Walter Mittelholzer investigated the Niger basin, bringing his trip to a climax by wafting six negro chieftains aloft. Here is his own account of the whole unique adventure.

By Air across AFRICA

By WALTER MITTELHOLZER

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-Language Daily

THE SAHARA DESERT lay behind us when we arrived in Gao on the sixteenth of December. In our three-motor Fokker machine we had completed without mishap, in two days' time and with twelve hours of flight, a journey of 1,250 miles. We thus virtually solved a transportation problem replete with possibilities for linking Europe to the fertile, densely populated portions of Central Africa. This flight was not the first one of its kind. In the year 1926 French military aviators began flying by short stages across the sandy, stony desert to the French Sudan. But these bold efforts in little one-motored planes involved grave sacrifices. More than one victim of motor trouble or erroneous navigation disappeared forever in the relentless wastes.

What now chiefly insures a safe flight over the Sahara is the existence of an automobile trail that is almost always easy to follow and for which we are indebted to the brave persistence and imagination of a young French officer who spent years discovering the most favorable route for automobile traffic. Over a distance of more than 1,250 miles he marked a trail that puts the Niger district within four to six days' journey from the Mediterranean coast. The man responsible for this great achievement is George Estienne. Together with his brother, who was killed two years ago in the Atlas Mountains, he initiated and carried to completion with but scant equipment a task of enormous importance to French colonial development.

I was happy to make the acquaintance of this energetic and sympathetic

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explorer on my arrival at Gao and to talk with him deep into the starlit night of his labors and experiences. He was most interested in our machine and was amazed at how safely we had been able to traverse the desert. We discussed geographic and climatic conditions and finally concluded that the shortest and surest route to the interior of Africa is not along the coast, nor over the Nile valley, but straight over the middle of the Sahara. Progress in short-wave wireless telegraphy, the existence of many hard, flat plateaus, and the ease with which gasoline stations can be erected in the middle of the desert are factors that make such an undertaking possible.

IT was the tenth of December when we flew over the plateau of Oued Zem, always keeping the snow-capped Atlas Mountains in view on our right, and reached the city of Fez in two and three-quarters hours. Two days later we flew through wind and rain straight across the Middle Atlas Mountains to Colomb-Bechar, a flight of two and one-half hours. The cordial reception that we received at the hands of our flying comrades there and a dinner with Colonel Trinquet made us quite forget that we had already penetrated far into the Sahara Desert.

We set forth on the thirteenth of December, and, saying good-bye to our charming hosts, who gave us two smoke bombs in case of a forced landing, we departed southward at 8.40. The few one-story, square houses of the military cantonment and the green palm oasis soon disappeared from sight. But suddenly, to our left and right, two military planes appeared, and this guard of honor accompanied us for nearly an hour, providing my moving-picture camera with a welcome bit of variety in these monotonous surroundings. First we passed over some rounded chalk mountains about 3,000 feet high and then the most marvelous prospect we had yet seen opened out before us. A sea of sand dunes that glowed with a blinding light lay ahead as far as our eyes could reach through the clear air. It was a really terrifying prospect. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of this sea, with nothing beneath us but the eternally restless yellow-brown sand, on which an emergency landing would be as dangerous as on a storm-tossed ocean. After an hour we saw a band of green ahead of us on the right. It was Beni Abbes, a beautiful oasis on the banks of the Wâdy Saoura. We decided to make a landing, since there was a hangar with a clearly marked landing field. As we flew close to the ground, thundering over the fort that lies on the high banks of the Saoura, I focused my automatic movie apparatus on this little earthly paradise, which is surrounded by nothing but dreary wastes.

Hardly had we landed when we were greeted by three officers of the Tirailleurs Sahariens, whose astonished questions pleased us not a little. For in the desert hearts open quickly. The sympathetic tanned officers with their white breeches and sandals took us in their automobile to the terrace of the little fortification, which overlooked the gray earthen houses of the natives and the thousands of light-green date trees that extend to the curving edge of the lofty sand dunes, while the sky made a blue arch above

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us. This was the most pleasant time of the whole year. In the shade the dry air was pleasantly cool, though from May to October the temperature rises as high as 125° F. But it was hot in the sun, and we were glad to climb back into our great machine again after an hour and a half of rest.

For a good hour we continued our way southward over scintillating sand dunes toward the oasis of Timmimoun, some 137 miles away. At 12.30 we passed a few little oases where the date palms were almost completely covered by the shifting sands. It was an impressive picture of the gradual strangulation of all plant life that has been going on in the Sahara for centuries. Soon, however, bigger oases with earthen huts on them appeared, but the place marked on our map as 'Sebkha,' or 'salt marsh,' which is what the word means in nomadic speech, was nowhere to be seen. We continued flying in the same direction with nothing but desert country about us as far as we could see. A brief consultation with our scanty maps confirmed our belief that we had overshot our mark. I therefore had Zimmermann alter our course ninety degrees westward so that we might aim directly for the goal we had set ourselves for that day, the Touat oasis.

The sun, which heats the desert to 120°–160° F., was at its hottest. In the distance blue lakes and lovely oases shimmered deceptively. Suddenly a weird feeling gripped me. 'Is your navigation really correct or have you let yourself be deceived by a mirage?' I asked myself. Once more I went over the course which Zimmermann had so carefully followed and, taking account of the drift due to a northeast wind, I came to the encouraging conclusion that we should soon find ourselves above the route from Timmimoun to Adrar. Woe to the pilot who loses his head here, or even thinks that he ought to be governed by his feelings. If he loses his way and uses up his fuel before he reaches an oasis, he will be swallowed up by the desert forevermore. Not in vain had the French officers kept advising us always to follow the caravan route.

After an interminable half hour of flying we again found the road below and soon more oases appeared, and finally, when we had been in the air three hours, we sighted the huge oasis of Adrar, which we could recognize by virtue of the French fortifications and the well-marked flying field, on which we landed. In the evening we met Commandant Rongeraz, an energetic, experienced colonial soldier who was commanding the few detachments of soldiers who serve their country in this and other solitary posts.

We were now in the deepest interior of the Sahara, where it rains only under abnormal circumstances. Sometimes many years pass before any rain falls at any given spot, and we were told that the place at which we were stopping had been devastated on the twentieth of February, 1909, by no less than three and a half inches of rain between the hours of nine and ten at night. Cloud-bursts of this kind wreak havoc. The earthen houses cave in and many people are buried in the ruins. Any land under cultivation, as well as gardens and trees, is washed away by rivers of rain and many caravans are destroyed because they are surprised in some dried-up river bed.

Sand storms here are brought by a

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very hot, dry wind, and an hour before they break one can see heavy yellow clouds gradually drawing near from the south. The air grows sultry and one feels benumbed. Since the skin does not adapt itself quickly to this change, people frequently drop dead of the sudden heat, but sand storms are most dangerous among the dunes, where hills of sand suddenly become lashing seas of dust.

AFTER we had successfully traversed the Sahara, we spent a full week studying the land and people of Gao, and had a delightful time, for the heaven was cloudless, the temperature by day only a little higher than it is with us in the summer time, and the nights pleasantly fresh and cool. Coming from the almost rainless Sahara, we found ourselves in a part of tropical Africa that is periodically visited by regular summer rains. This district, which extends from the Niger basin eastward to Lake Chad, has been called '*Bilad as Sudan*,' 'the land of the blacks,' by the Arabs ever since they conquered it centuries ago.

Some thirty white people live in Gao, most of them French officials and officers. We put up at a remarkably comfortable hotel run by the Compagnie Transsaharienne near the Niger and surrounded by vegetable gardens, shade trees, and fan-shaped palms. The interior of the country is filled with rectangular settlements of blacks who live in houses of unbaked earthen brick that are destroyed every time it rains heavily. In each village square under the shade of shea-butter and baobab trees stands an old decayed elephant skull mounted on a tree stump as a fetish against evil spirits. These fetishes reminded me of the dreadful stories that used to reach Europe from here years ago. The English traveler, Bowdich, reported that in Ashanti he himself had witnessed the massacre of a thousand slaves, two thousand Fanti prisoners, and yet another thousand prisoners from other places, when a brother of the king died. Early in the twentieth century, however, the English and the French put an end to these murderous atrocities.

On the twenty-third of December we left Gao at 7.30 in the morning and departed on an unbroken flight to Kano, the chief city of Nigeria, a distance of 750 miles. We followed the Niger as far as Ansongo, passing over a number of rapids, and at 10.10 we circled over the residence of the French governor of Niamey, which, like Gao, has about 3,000 inhabitants. We then steered southeast over frightfully monotonous flat country, covered with thorny bushes and veiled in a reddish-yellow mist. In spite of the cloudless sky, we could not see more than a few miles ahead and the horizon was always blurred by a heavy haze, a condition we had already encountered in the Sahara. This was desert sand carried by the north wind to a height of 6,000 feet. Often it swirls so thickly over the ground that the sun is darkened and one cannot see twenty yards. This condition is even more dangerous than our own fog because the sand penetrates the finest cracks in the machinery and causes trouble. Our watches stopped and I had to take twice as much trouble as usual with my photographic apparatus. Luckily, our three motors were so robust that they ran marvelously without the least indication of faltering.

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At eleven o'clock, we recognized to the southward a huge reddish-brown square piece of territory where the bush had been cut. Evidently it was the French military aviation field of Dosso. Except for a few automobile routes this is the only possible landing place in all this monotonous country, on which the sun shines perpendicularly. The villages, which are composed of earthen houses, are the same color as the soil and, to navigate accurately for such a long stretch, one has to keep one's eyes open carefully, reckoning one's course by compass and making accurate allowances for wind drift. After we had passed the Franco-British border, more villages and cultivated land appeared below us. A different kind of people, the industrious, agricultural Hausa, dwelt here. Everywhere we saw negroes cultivating their cotton plants and ground nuts. Immense herds of cattle were grazing on grassland and in the bush.

The heat in our cabin was becoming more and more oppressive and by noon the thermometer had climbed to 100° F. Soon after two we passed a very interesting geological formation. Out of the level bush some eight or ten granite hills rose to a height of about 600 feet, each of them wide at the base and composed of big round boulders. These were the first elevations on our long, monotonous flight that were not shown on our chart. Finally, at three o'clock, the railway track to Kano came in view. We followed it and half an hour later arrived over the settlement of Kano.

Below us a crowd of blacks gazed up, head to head, and about us hundreds of vultures flew in terror at the thunder of our progress. We had as usual announced our arrival to the English Resident by telegraph and two big fires had been lit on the flying field that had been built two years ago for a demonstration flight of the Royal Air Force. Gently we came to earth on the smooth desert soil and were presently surrounded by blacks and whites, among whom we were more than pleased to find four of our compatriots.

DURING our stay in Kano the daytime heat seemed to us all very oppressive, but the nights were marvelously beautiful and mild. On Christmas Eve we three Swiss were guests of a business man named Ambrosini, a cultivated North Italian who was employing five of our compatriots. Eating dinner under the open sky, we thought of our far-off home in the cold north and of our loved ones. National anthems resounded through the twinkling tropical night. Here and there a shooting star would fall and the Southern Cross shone brilliantly above. What a different Christmas atmosphere this was from that provided by artificially lit Christmas trees. We were surrounded only by nature, and the mystery of the cosmos penetrated to the bottoms of our souls.

Kano, the capital of the rich province of the same name in British Nigeria, provided me with a great experience. It once contained more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, but its population has now declined to fifty thousand. Never in my previous travels through Africa had I visited such a thickly populated city. Its inhabitants, the Hausa and Fula races, are much more intelligent than any other negro tribes and they were

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ruled by powerful despots until the English arrived. The latter craftily left the native princes with certain appearances of power, and the present Emir of Kano, whose personal acquaintance I made, receives from England a yearly pension amounting to three hundred thousand Swiss francs, all of which he is said to spend maintaining his great court and his harem of a hundred wives.

The enormous Hausa tribe of pure negroes has been ruled for centuries by the Fula. Nobody knows where this minority of light-brown people came from. Unlike the Hausa, the Fula are a nomadic tribe of shepherds. Early in the nineteenth century they waged a holy Mohammedan war on the infidel negro races and won them over to Islam. The men are of medium height, slim and with small bones. They have sharp curving noses, thin lips, and long chins. The women are generally of a lighter color than the men. When young they have slender, well-shaped figures and regular features that often possess classic beauty.

In contrast to the Fula, the Hausa are farmers, artisans, and above all traders, and they differ from most negroes, who are completely lazy, in that they are active in business and industry. They are well-built, almost coal-black fellows. The women are generally smaller than the men and have gentle, often pretty features. We saw gay, smiling faces everywhere. They are a sympathetic folk, lively and happy and quick to shift from hate to friendship, and from joy to sorrow.

The present city of Kano covers about as much territory as Bern. It is surrounded by an earthen wall from nine to eighteen feet in height, through which many small gates give entrance to the city. Policemen of the Emir, dressed in blue uniforms and white turbans, direct the swarming traffic of men and beasts. Wielding leather-covered sticks, they herded the crowd together when we made our landing so that in spite of the closely packed mob we could walk quickly to our automobile.

There are no great architects among the Hausa. Most of their buildings are round, one-story affairs, built of earth and without a single stone or brick in any part of their construction. Their furnishings are very simple. A few sleeping mats on the bare ground and a saucepan make up the entire inventory.

Our first evening in Kano we visited the famous market, one of the largest in Africa, accompanied by a cordial representative of the British Government. Everywhere our automobile went the negroes threw themselves in the dust in reverent postures of greeting. A policeman opened the way for us through the narrow streets, which were crowded on both sides with little shops. Two more policemen followed, to hold in check the pressing throng of curious observers. It was unbelievable the way everything for sale was piled far out into the streets. Most of the food consisted of ground nuts and kola nuts, which were being sold from large and small piles by young and old members of both sexes. Kola nuts are one of the favorite delights of the negro, corresponding more or less to cigarettes with us.

The products of native industry include beautifully colored leather ware, bridles and saddles, mats and baskets, elaborately decorated knives,

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and above all indigo-colored yarns and cloth which can be had at amazingly low prices. A pair of bright slippers, one of the specialties of Kano, cost me but two and a half francs. I also encountered great quantities of goods unsalable in Europe. Money changers had huge piles of Maria Theresa thalers bearing the old Austrian imprint. Our guide stopped at one of the big shops, where everything conceivable was for sale, to exchange a few words with the rich proprietress. She was an old woman who at once lay down on the ground, supporting her heavy, weary body on her two hands as she politely answered his questions. It takes at least a week to get to know the Kano market really well. Its versatility, its brilliant, confused life, far surpass the much praised bazaars of Bagdad, Teheran, and Ispahan.

AFTER we had returned to Kano from a flight over Lake Chad, the Emir expressed to the English Resident a desire to fly over the city in our great bird. On the twenty-ninth of December, just as dawn was breaking, the bodyguard of the Emir appeared on the flying field. Unfortunately the harmattan, a cold wind bearing sand from the Sahara, had already set in, so that the weather was hardly favorable for a baptismal flight. There was no question but that our proud black guests would be well shaken up.

At half past eight a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of the red-painted royal automobile, which stopped some fifty yards away from our three-motored plane. The chief vizier opened the door and handed the Emir a beautifully worked sceptre of gold as he got out. With consummate dignity, the ruler of the Hausa, swathed in a long, billowy, silken cloak, emerged from his luxurious Rolls-Royce. The blacks prostrated themselves, laying their foreheads on the ground. The Emir of Katsena climbed out of the second automobile, for he was visiting his mightier colleague and also wanted to accompany us on our flight. In the meantime the whole royal household had driven up in state array and dozens of richly clothed dignitaries surrounded the two princes. A high British official presented me to the two kings, whereupon they proceeded toward our flying machine with measured strides. The Emir of Kano wore a pair of elaborately decorated leather slippers with a black, silken-smooth ostrich feather on the side of each. The comfortable big cabin of our Fokker machine obviously made a reassuring impression.

From my seat in front I looked back at a strange picture. Six black princes, among them two kings, had never before been numbered among my passengers. I could not suppress a silent sense of wonder at their strange, handsome faces and their poised, distinguished bearing, and the rather mysterious fanaticism in their eyes. Not many of our complacent, cultivated Europeans would dare to make a flight on such a day as this, since they even hesitate to venture into the air when the weather is fine, and the machine in perfect order. What an immense impression our flying house, the wonder of this technical age, must have made on these men of nature. Yet there was not a trace of fear in their faces. They had their

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features in complete control and even when we dropped sharply they remained composed, for everything was the will of Allah. What a great religion and what a profound philosophy. What a sense of peace and resignation.

During our rather bumpy fifteen-minute flight, I took my royal passengers over the extensive city, once rising 1,500 feet into the air, and then, at the express wish of the Emir, descending to within a few yards of his palace, from whose numerous little courts the wives and eunuchs in his harem waved to him. All business stopped in the great market place, and the thousand-headed, thickly packed crowd shouted and rejoiced at the sight of their terrestrial and spiritual ruler, now for the first time actually risen into the sky. A strong wind from the north made our machine bump now and then but a glance back into the cabin convinced me that no one was feeling sick. The black princes surveyed their city with tense concentration and glittering eyes and it must have looked very strange and different to them on that day. Only after one has had a bird's-eye view of this wondrous city can one form a real conception of its extent and architecture.

After our landing, I hastened with my camera to the cabin, where I was greeted by beaming faces and hearty hand clasps of gratitude. Before I allowed the princes to climb out, I made them pose for their pictures, and their expressive, patriarchal faces showed up remarkably clearly in my camera. I only hope that when I return home the developed prints will look as well. When I photographed them both Emirs covered their mouths with their white silk turbans, a custom of the desert people of the Sahara from whom they are descended. I climbed out of the flying machine first so that I could take a moving picture of the others as they made their exit. The chief viziers brought the two princes their royal staffs, which had been left on earth for safety's sake, and the whole company, from whom a strange, pleasing perfume emanated, began marching away toward their automobiles in a cloud of dust. Again we received cordial handshakes, the Emir of Katsena taking my right hand in both of his as we parted. Then the crowd made way for the procession of automobiles and the vision disappeared in a heavy cloud of sand, like a story from the Thousand and One Nights.

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One of the most popular and representative of modern German critics reassesses the work of Thomas Carlyle on the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

CARLYLE
Fifty Years On

By EGON FRIEDELL

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

IT IS RATHER easy to criticize Carlyle and rather difficult to praise him. Anyone who has read a portion of his work will have no difficulty in discovering any quantity of shortcomings and insufficiencies. He repeats himself, contradicts himself, exaggerates; he lacks command of his medium; his writings are dark and obscure, his pathos overdone, his tempo uneven, his ideas disordered and baroque.

All these defects and many others can be detected and portrayed easily enough. But perplexity sets in when one tries to enumerate the good qualities that can be set against them. It can be said, for instance, that Carlyle had temperament, keen wit, psychological intuition, plastic gifts of characterization; that he was interesting, spiritual, or intellectual; but that would be no better than saying nothing at all. Obviously, all this holds true, but it does not get down to fundamentals. Anyone who knows Carlyle has the undeniable feeling that words like these do not evoke his character, that they miss the mark.

Perplexity begins the moment one endeavors to discover what literary category he belongs to. Is he a philosopher, historian, critic, sociologist, biographer, æsthete, or novelist? Is he all these things at once, or is he perhaps none of them? Is he even a writer? He himself denied that he was. 'If there is anything,' he wrote, 'for which I have no special talent, it is literature. If I had been taught the simplest practical trade I should have been a better and happier man.' This piece of self-criticism offered by a man whose books have been sold by the hundred thousand should not surprise us. For as soon as we look more closely we find there is something in what he says.

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If the word 'writer' means a man who possesses the gift of setting forth his observations and sensations easily and clearly, a man who has learned to express everything that is in him skillfully and smoothly, in brief, a man who is well able to articulate his impressions, Carlyle was certainly not a writer. Literary work was neither more nor less than torture for him. No one ever suffered under more repressions and obstacles in the act of creation than he did. When he was about to write he felt as if he were moving under a heavy burden. He had no other sensation than that of an unbearable load, for he took no joy in creative work and his completed writings bear the scars of his struggle. The essential character of his style is an amazing combination of liveliness and dullness. It is a style that one cannot decide whether to call fiery or rough, a style that sweeps everything before it and yet is always laboriously struggling with itself, trying to overcome its own defects, then stopping and looking back, a formal yet formless way of writing. Many readers are confused by Carlyle's innumerable digressions, limitations, revisions, sudden parentheses, suspended phrases, and startling interjections. Yet his prose has a rhythm of its own.

To describe the essence of Carlyle in a few words, let us borrow from his own vocabulary and call him a 'hero as thinker.' Carlyle sought for and discovered the various expressions of heroism in every form of human activity. His essential belief was that every really virtuous man can be a hero. But there was just one form of heroism he overlooked, the hero as thinker, and for the very simple reason that he incorporated that type himself. Indeed this is the most real and impressive type of hero. The thinker is the universal hero. He combines all forms of heroism in himself. He is prophet, poet, priest, writer, and organizer. His influence extends the furthest and reaches the deepest, and his is not only the mightiest form of heroism but the purest and the greatest from a human point of view, for the reason that he does not visualize his aim and task in concrete terms. There is something limited, blind, unjust in every form of action, for the act is ever a definite, given, momentary truth. The thinker, on the other hand, desires totality. He understands, embraces, and penetrates everything. His reckoning takes account of all factors.

But this does not mean that the thinker must approve of everything, adopting an attitude of lackadaisical indifference. Quite the contrary, the real thinker is a passionate reformer and the tone in which he speaks is therefore often unconciliating and forceful. He is not satisfied with having found his truths for himself; he wants to have the whole world share them and he brings these truths to others, even against their will. What he carries in his heart, he imperiously forces on other people, shouting in everybody's ear, writing his message on doorways, and pasting up placards on street corners.

CARLYLE'S work bears these marks. He did not think of himself as a man who wrote books to instruct mankind. He regarded himself as a man with a message. Form was a matter of indifference to him. He repeated his governing ideas again and again like

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a refrain, for he knew that one must say a truth a hundred times over before a single man believes it. In his merits and defects he is as uneven as a well-meaning school-teacher. Intentionally, he always goes too far, but really profound feelings must be overdone, hyperbolized, and thus made productive. For one can almost say that every truly living discovery is more than life-size. Carlyle's technique was carried away by every strong impression that he felt, borne on to the last ultimate consequence and inconsequence, but his was the technique of all great artists. And, finally, he was not lacking in the compensating quality of seeing himself ironically. If one watches him closely one can see him laughing heartily up his sleeve from time to time.

His propositions, though cast in subjective form, are based on the most accurate sense of justice. That he often contradicts himself is the natural consequence of his love of truth, for he would rather contradict himself than go against the facts. Such were his general rules of conduct, and this extreme idealist and idealogue was at the same time the most practical, prudent, and realistic of men. His gift of vision was extraordinary. Although he always started with certain abstractions, he never wrote in an abstract manner. He was always moving in a visible, apprehensible world, and he had the capacity of making ideas as much alive as if they were real people, personal friends or enemies. He possessed in the highest degree the quality that is called vision. With unfailing assurance he got to the kernel of everything. In such a head as his everything automatically fell into the shape of a world picture. Facts had an insuperable affinity for each other and came together of their own accord. But above all he had that mysterious gift of vision. Indeed, one might say that this gift alone gave him a complete philosophy of life.

To understand Carlyle's singular position in English literature, we must bear in mind that he was a Scotchman and a Scot from the Lowlands, where the Celtic strain is not so pronounced as it is in the Highlands, and where the Low German element is stronger than among the English. Although he did not actually write in local dialect like his compatriot, Robert Burns, but in ordinary English, one can hardly call him an English author, for his peculiar way of looking at things is even more un-English than his way of writing. He represents the not easily deciphered national character of Scotland, speaking its thoughts, that remarkable combination of dreaminess and practicality, of infectious charm and robust resistance, of melancholy and humor, of stubbornness and adaptability, of unsociableness and conviviality. One finds all these elements in Carlyle and often in that exaggerated form that the man of genius assumes when he incorporates the peculiarities of his people. Finally, let us not forget that Carlyle came from a nation renowned for its gift of second sight. This capacity may or may not exist, but he certainly possessed it in another and rarer sense, for if one can sum up Carlyle's character and significance in the fewest possible words, one might say that he was one who saw spirits.

The leitmotif of his political writing is his protest against soft liberalism, with its eagerness for equality and

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laissez-faire. He believed that Jesuit doctrine was the cardinal sin of his period, and the essence of insincerity and trickiness. In theory the British renounced Loyola's teachings but in reality his beliefs were accepted by almost everyone in England; a fine poison of lies saturated all society. Carlyle saw no hope of social salvation in parliamentary reforms, universal franchise, and suchlike. He advocated instead a wise, humane government that did not look upon the worker as a mere implement but as a moral and physical responsibility. The proletariat, as a result of its social independence, actually lay at the mercy of the employer, who did not offer much more than freedom to starve to death. In *Past and Present* he describes, quoting from the chronicle of an old English monastery of the twelfth century, how monastic life at that period did not exist in an atmosphere of romantic enlightenment but was the result of a sound sense of realism. These people of the Middle Ages knew what real work, real obedience, and real lordship meant. They gladly let themselves be ruled by those who were stronger and superior. The relationship between landowner and peasant, feudal lord and vassal, was essentially a moral relationship based on good faith on both sides; it was not merely a material matter based on exploitation. Human affairs were not regulated by the law of supply and demand but by the law of God. Of course, this cannot be applied at the present time, but we can learn what was good in this system and take some of it over. We must chiefly learn two things from these men: belief in higher things and belief in the sacredness of labor. Inequality is a natural condition. It is only right and natural that the more able and more virtuous should rule over the rest. Work is not something to be bought with money. All real work has to do with God. *Laborare est orare*.

IN HIS history of the French Revolution Carlyle wanted to present his fellow countrymen with a horrible example. He regarded that terrific conflagration as a kind of divine retribution visited upon false priests and rulers who had claimed certain rights without any real superiority. He showed what embittered people, misled and suffering from unbearable injustice, can achieve. His form of expression is unique. The whole work is an example of decorative genius, scrawled in the form of huge pictures. Twenty years later the first two volumes of his history of Frederick the Great appeared, a man whom Carlyle did not regard as one of the great orthodox spirits, but as a real man surrounded by the cheating windbags of the eighteenth century, a man who lied to others when he had to but never to himself, and whose devoted sense of duty, tireless labors, and sheer genius enabled him to see things as they really were and to make Prussia a great power.

'You have given the Germans our great Prussian King,' wrote Bismarck to Carlyle, 'in full size, like a living statue.' Carlyle was the first man to create a true picture of Frederick the Great, not only for England but for Germany, and it is a monument not only to Frederick, but to his whole period. All his numerous contemporaries are there, grouped about him,

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each in his proper place, some zealous, others irresponsible; some shown on a vast scale, others on a small one. Not one is forgotten. With that mysterious gift of awakening the dead which historians of genius possess, as well as poets, the long, bearded characters of that period are charmed back to life again. Without make-up or artificial lighting effects they march before us and make us share their emotions.

Carlyle's most representative work is *On Heroes and Hero Worship*. Like all important, fruitful books, this one is dominated by a single great thought to which everything else is subordinated; and, like all significant, fruitful thoughts, it is a simple one that lies near at hand. Up to Carlyle's time, heroes had been looked upon as something pompous, dazzling, and theatrical. Carlyle, however, portrayed the hero as being distinguished from other men by his simplicity, by his mute, unpretentious service of the idea that fills him and secretly leads him forward. His chief quality lies in the fact that he always speaks the truth, always has his feet on the ground of facts. All other marks are secondary. He is the bravest of men, but his bravery has nothing dazzling or theatrical about it. He is no brilliant, wonderful adventurer, fighting dragons or demons; he faces the much more difficult battle with reality.

This is, roughly, Carlyle's unique discovery. Although apparently a trivial affair, it signified a complete revolution in our conception of the character and achievements of great men. It meant, to put the matter in a nutshell, a clear-cut, definite split between the Germanic and the romantic conceptions of a hero. The hero as he existed in the romantic imagination was a knight and cavalier. His feelings were always on the tip of his tongue and his courage on the tip of his sword. He was very sensitive on the subject of honor, but less so on the subject of duty. He knew how to carry himself in a superior fashion, how to talk cleverly and entertain women. In matters of decorum, of good manners and picturesque generosity, he excelled, but he was less interested in morality and righteousness. His whole life was a novel—tense, brilliant, sentimental, but not always true. He was a luxury product. The Germanic hero is the opposite of this. He is the real, unadorned, and often unpleasant necessity.

Carlyle's moral claims can be reduced to a brief formula: belief in the God-given truth of facts. This conception includes everything. The man who follows this belief will automatically become a religious and moral man, a gifted and virtuous man, an upright, active, and wise man. He will lead a beautiful and useful life, a life in tune with nature, destiny, and mankind. It is here that the fate of the individual and of the nation is decided. Individuals and nations have their choice. They can accept the simple, radiant belief of Carlyle or they can agree with Napoleon III, who with equal simplicity and clearness said, 'Carlyle is mad.'

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Reviewing hundreds of novels a year is Gerald Gould's chief occupation. Here is a burlesque that parodies every brand of contemporary fiction at once.

Composite FICTION

By GERALD GOULD

From the *Week-end Review*
London Conservative Weekly

SELINA was unhappily married. Or (since redundance is the enemy in contemporary fiction) let me say simply that Selina was married. She was a creature wild, primitive, and untamed, glowing and flaming with elemental force; I need, therefore, scarcely mention that her husband was a rural and desiccated nonagenarian, who collected stamps.

How was the wild, primitive, and untamed lust of life which glowed and flamed in Selina's veins to be satisfied? We cannot too often ask ourselves that question, though we know that the answer is coming down the road, with pots and pans to sell, with earrings in his ears, and with oh such a primitive glitter in his dark and slanting eyes!

Every morning, immediately after breakfast, Selina would make a scene. As a scene-maker, she had few rivals. She was well equipped. Her deep bosom heaved like the sea in storm, her eyes flashed, her nostrils opened and shut like concertinas, and she suffered from a slight septic congestion of the left vocabulary.

'Life!' she would cry, flinging out her arms in a superb gesture, and sweeping to the ground, in the sidewind of her despair, the stamps which her husband had carefully detached from the morning's correspondence. 'All I ask is Life, Life abundant and passionate! How do you expect me, a young woman in her prime, to linger on in this hell of calm? All my being cries out for fulfillment, for self-expression! I demand to go out into the Great World, and Live!'

'Certainly, dear,' her husband would answer. 'Please shut the door gently, from the outside.' And the fine, scholarly face would bend once again over the precious albums, the delicate, nervous fingers would dabble

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happily in gum, and the stale air of the study would seem, in those slightly hairy ears, to hum with lovely syllables, with echoes of Mauritius and Zanzibar. The husband's surname was Atterley; he was one of the Leicestershire Atterleys. By a curious coincidence, his Christian name was Phil.

On the particular morning on which our story begins, Selina went out, not into the Great World, but into the road which led from her dreary home to Pock-in-the-Puddle. All around her the landscape lay bare and desolate; just a few bare and desolate fields, surrounded by bare and desolate hedges. The place was typical. It was the only one she had looked at since that fatal day when the wedding service had robbed her of her freedom. Little did the laughing bride of that occasion—how long ago it seemed!—guess what marriage meant! Her mother, kind but old-fashioned, had resolutely shielded her from the facts of fiction. What should she, a young and innocent girl, know about stamps?

And the gypsy drew nearer.

He looked at her steadily, coldly. There was a furtive insolence in his gaze. It was as if he said, 'Aha, my fine lady, I'll be your master yet!' He whistled a little tune.

It was the whistle with which he always snared birds. There was about it something wild, primitive, and untamed. He showed his white teeth in a dangerous grin (which is devilish difficult to do when you are whistling). He gave one glance from his dark and slanting eyes. He passed on along the bare and desolate road toward Pock-in-the-Puddle. Scarcely waiting to dash back into the old family mansion and pack her lipstick, Selina turned her face to the west and followed. When he saw that she was following him, he lingered a little, and smiled . . . a gypsy smile. . . .

MEANWHILE, in Paris, in the *Rotonde*, opposite the *Dôme*, Florrie Fergusson-Cholmondeley, who had once been a Good Girl, and County (she was indeed related, through her uncle's second divorce, to the Leicestershire Atterleys), sat alone and repulsive in front of her Pernod. Her eyes were pits of despair, there were purple patches under them, her cheeks were haggard and raddled, her mouth was like a scarlet wound, a banner of defiance—in fact, a typical modern mouth. Around her were artists in paint-smeared blouses, models in models from the *rue de la Paix*, all the *blague* and *gêne* and *insouciance* of the *Quartier*, the flotsam and jetsam and thensome of Bohemia. What a world of romance it would have opened out to you or me! But Florrie was damsick of it.

Presently her last lover but three came in and sat beside her. He was a typical English business man, and bore the quiet marks of success on every part of his apparel, from the quiet dozen or so of diamonds in his tie pin to the quiet band on his cigar, which bore simply the legend 'Havana Corona, one franc fifty,' in gold letters on a crimson base. Among the foreign types which prevailed in that amazing vicinity, he stood out as something clean-cut and almost clean-limbed.

'Hallo, Dolly!' he said (he always mixed his ex-mistresses). 'Have a drink?'

'Thanks,' she answered dully. 'A Pernod.'

Down the dusky reaches of the

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Boul' Miche the students uttered catcalls and the cats made noises like students. It was the gray hour before the *apéritif*. Florrie rose wearily and walked across to the *Dôme*.

Here the *gêne* was slightly less noticeable but the *blague* even more remarkable. 'A Pernod, please,' said Florrie.

Her last lover but four came in and sat beside her. He was a gay young sculptor, a Swede, without a sou to his name. That was why Florrie had had to leave him.

'Hullo, Janet,' he said. 'Have a drink.'

'Thanks,' she answered sombrely. 'A Pernod.'

She rose wearily and walked along to the Jockey. The air there was turgid with *insouciance*. She sat down and ordered a Pernod.

MEANWHILE, in the old inn at Pock-in-the-Puddle, the villagers were gathered round their evening rations of beer and scandal. Outside, in the haggard gloom, screams rose sharply on fetid air. For the local parson, who had recently gone mad, was feeding the local children to the local pigs.

For centuries the little village had lain innocent in a curve of the hills, like a babe on its mother's breast; love had been licit, life had been simple, even the vicar had not really been noticed very much. And then one day the place got into fiction, acquired a dialect, and lost its morals. All the gaffers now gathered in the bar were grotesquely and ingeniously vile. Yet, every now and then, when a yell more poignant than ever tore across their slow consciousness, something even in *them*, or in the least loathsome of them, was moved to protest.

''T is a laamentable tedious trick o' pässon's, surelie,' said one old man to another, winking obscenely over his mug. ''T is a dunnamany years sence us had a pässon as was n't laamentable tedious.'

'Thikky be tedious laamentable,' agreed his neighbor. 'Thikky be bad fer pigs.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

ŒDIPE. *By André Gide. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1931.*

(Benjamin Crémieux in *Je Suis Partout*, Paris)

THE MONTH of January witnessed the appearance of one of the most representative books of our time, *Œdipe*, by André Gide, which is appearing simultaneously in two magazines, *Commerce* and the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Gide has written of greater things, but never of more significant ones. One finds one's self saying that *Œdipe* will occupy the same place in Gide's work that *Candide* did in that of Voltaire. Nothing completely great can be built out of irony alone, even when it arises out of the most sincere state of torment, and *Œdipe* moves from beginning to end in an atmosphere of irony. But this undulating, delicate work gains in audacity and liberty all it loses in grandeur.

Voltaire cast *Candide* in the form of a story. Gide has made his *Œdipe* a dialogue in three acts, but not arbitrarily. The dialogue form was necessary the minute he attempted to consider and assemble the many aspects of a philosophy that up to now had been a fragmentary mass of successive, contradictory affirmations. *Œdipe* is the sum total of André Gide in the sense that one finds in it the point of view of both *La Porte Étroite* and *L'Immoraliste*, the point of view of both Robert and Latcadio, who were dominated respectively by a profound sentiment of the vanity of living and by a sense of the value of living. It is like a mixture of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs.

At first sight these three acts resemble Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, and there is perhaps no more effective way of making modern truths understandable and even eternal than to use antique themes.

Gide reveals Œdipus at the summit of his career. He has been married twenty years to Jocasta, he is the King of Thebes and the father of four beautiful children—Antigone; the twins, Eteocles and Polyneices; and Ismene. Within a few hours all this is going to fall apart. The Thebans, overwhelmed by pestilence, will turn against him. He will discover that his children are strangers and, above all, he will discover that he is his mother's husband and that he assassinated his father, Laïus, twenty years ago. After Jocasta's suicide, he puts his eyes out and, guided by Antigone, sets forth as best he may.

Obviously, Gide has not deviated an inch from the legend, but it is by the interpretation that he gives it and by the character of his hero that he has renewed, modernized, and even enlarged the adventure of Œdipus into the adventure of all men and of man as a whole. Œdipus is the human being who has faith in what is human, as opposed to the high priest Teiresias, who represents religious conformity. 'I understood,' says Œdipus, 'that the only password that prevents one from being devoured by the Sphinx is "man." Although to each of us the Sphinx poses a different question there is only one response and this response is "man"; and for each of us this man is himself.'

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But we must not imagine that this cult of the self bears any resemblance to what Maurice Barrès used to preach or that this self wastes any time seeking out its roots, discovering prolongations into the past, into the earth, and among the dead. For Gide, the most manly man is he who has no past at all, and he puts once more in the mouth of Œdipus his apology for the child of nature. 'A lost child, discovered without citizenship, without passports, I am chiefly happy because I owe nothing to anyone but myself'; and further on he says, 'Hurled out of the unknown; no element of the past, nothing in the way of a model. Nothing to rest myself upon. Everything to create: fatherland, ancestors. Nobody to resemble but myself.'

The irony of Œdipus's destiny is that he has a past, that he is the son of a king and queen and not a simple bastard, and it is this fact that suffices to destroy all his happiness. How many arrows he hurls at Teiresias, who represents tradition and respect for divinity, and likewise at his brother-in-law Creon, who incarnates human respect and the 'historic steps' of the good official. 'God never inspired me much,' Creon says, and Teiresias replies, 'He inspires completely only the blind.'

BUT Gide's irreverence toward the gods is a small thing compared with his disrespect for the family. Each of the four children of Œdipus in his or her own fashion escapes the father's influence. Antigone wants to enter a religious order. Ismene, on the other hand, wants to live a free, unrestrained existence. As for the twins, they are two restless creatures nourished on literature and full of strange perversions. 'Fundamentally,' says Eteocles, 'what is it that we look for in books? Always something in the way of authority. What Teiresias calls "the good thoughts" that people seek for in books are really permissions to outrage, oppress, and terrorize one's neighbors.' 'And what we who think bad thoughts are looking for,' continues Polyneices, 'is authority to do what custom, decency, and law forbid us to do.' 'In other words,' replies Eteocles, 'approval of indecency.' And for a quarter of an hour the twins are chiefly desirous of finding authority for conducting an incestuous affair with their sister, Ismene.

Antigone confounds these three anarchists with her sad sternness. She casts out the joy of living as Alissa did in *La Porte Étroite* and makes God interfere with the smallest earthly affairs. 'You,' says Ismene to her, 'sympathize only with what suffers, and even another person's happiness makes you sad'; to which Antigone replies, 'The happiness which our father lays claim to frightens me. He omits God, and one can rest on God alone, not on anything solid.' Even Teiresias reproaches Œdipus for thinking himself happy, but the latter replies, 'Why should n't I think myself happy when I am?'—a reply worthy of Voltaire. But Gide's merit is that he does not take refuge in Voltaire's humanism. After this satire on religion, moral law, and the family, after this eulogy of anarchism and individualism, Gide attacks individualism and even the notion of happiness. It is here that his irony turns on itself and achieves tragedy.

Happiness was never the aim that Œdipus pursued. When he left the

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court of King Polybus, his adopted father, in search of adventure, he was like Gide's version of the prodigal son, because 'in calm and comfort I was missing my destiny.' When misfortune descended upon him, he accepted it as a new lease of life. For twenty years he had been stifled in Thebes and suddenly he woke up and set on his way again, 'as if happiness was what I had always searched for. Numbed by my rewards, I slept for twenty years, but now at last I hear within me the new monster stretching its limbs. A great destiny awaits me within the evening shadows. Œdipus, the time for quietness has passed. Rouse yourself from your happiness.' And further on: 'Happiness leads to error and ignorance. I want none of it. It is good for the people but, as for me, I have no need to be happy. I immolate myself gladly. I had reached a point beyond which I could not move except by turning against myself.'

I said at the outset that *Œdipe* unrolled its whole length in an atmosphere of irony that limited its grandeur. Is this quite true? Does it not finally surpass irony and attain a kind of heroism? It is a strange and dubious heroism, to be sure, for after it has built up something it ruins its work in order to find itself again. But it is heroism none the less. Blind Œdipus, quitting Thebes, guided by Antigone, shares his daughter's mysticism. She yearns for sorrow and sacrifice in order to please the gods. He accepts sorrow and sacrifice to go on living more fully, and one can hardly accuse him of egoism since he has departed toward other men with the hope 'of bringing them happiness at the price of his suffering.' But Teiresias objects, 'It is not their happiness you should wish for, but their salvation.' But, here again, are not happiness and salvation the same thing?

The cult of fervor that Gide has always preached is made happily precise in *Œdipe*. This fervor is not gratuitous or indistinct. It implies choice, it takes account of other people. It demands surpassing one's self and sacrifice. The great novelty of *Œdipe* is that it proclaims a moral.

LOS VOM MATERIALISMUS. *By Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Vienna and Leipzig: Paneuropa Verlag. 1930.*

(Stefan Grossmann in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

COUNT COUDENHOVE-KALERGI now lays before us his confession of faith. Although the book is a political treatise, it is much more than that; it is a system of ethics for the year 1931, and a work on æsthetics to boot. A product of Coudenhove-Kalergi's world philosophy, it does not content itself with mere reflection but presents an appeal and a challenge and constitutes a factor in his plan for world activity.

Thus the reader finds himself in difficulty when he is obliged to characterize what is, in my opinion, Coudenhove-Kalergi's most significant work. For the writer is more than a persistent advocate of Pan-Europeanism, he speaks with more than ordinary political authority. In this book we have the outpouring of thought of one who knows much and desires much, a reformer of the economic order and of man, an expert in theories of government and an investigator of souls, a biologist and a prophet. In his confession of faith Coudenhove-Kalergi is at once a

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scholar and a man of practical endeavor. He is neither a Zarathustra singing upon solitary heights, nor a Marx or Lenin sitting at a modest library table and always seeing before him an imaginary mass meeting. Coudenhove-Kalergi never loses his grip on himself. He is a man of the world, consistent in opinion; an incorruptible spirit who disdains to be clever and to whom pathos is alien.

Coudenhove-Kalergi prefaces his new work with three sentences from Goethe:—

'The conflict of belief and disbelief remains the true, unique, and most profound theme of world history and human history, and to this theme all others are subordinate. All those periods of history which are dominated by belief, no matter what guise it assumes, are splendid, stimulating to the hearts of men, and productive in their effects upon the contemporary world and upon posterity. On the contrary, all those periods of history in which disbelief in any form wins a miserable triumph and even tries to put on a semblance of true belief are as nothing in the estimation of posterity, since no one likes to concern himself with knowledge of that which is barren.'

This quotation, used with solemn purpose, gives us information about Coudenhove-Kalergi himself. During all the years of his life he has never for a moment felt the gnawing of skepticism. Whether he and his ideas have been victorious or completely ignored, he has had within himself the unified, compact strength of a man whose faith is intact.

The chief drawback of this book is that it contains too much material. It gives a world philosophy and a creed of living, it analyzes epochs and spirits, it sets up guideposts for the future and provides ten commandments to bring about inner unity in the new Europe. By his precise method with its restricted use of proof, a method which seems intuitive rather than logical, Coudenhove-Kalergi reminds one of Rathenau. Sometimes one finds a whole system concealed in a few sentences. For instance, in a truly searching observation about the common root of ethical and æsthetic values he writes: 'Justice is an æsthetic instinct. It has its roots in the sense of equilibrium and symmetry. It is a sense of form. All justice can be formulated as an equation. Its proper symbol is a pair of scales. The will to justice is the will to form.' At first sight this looks paradoxical, but all these finely chiseled propositions need a second and third perusal before they reveal their deeper implications.

COUDENHOVE-KALERGI sketches the skeleton of a history of culture in the following aphorism: 'Greek civilization had its origin in nature, Jewish civilization in society.' Here, making an exception to his usual habit, Coudenhove-Kalergi proceeds to explain his axiom: 'The gods of Greece were nature gods invested with human personalities. The Greek religion was, like the Shintoism of the Japanese of the present day, a nature cult. The cultivation of the body assumed at least as important a rôle in Greek culture as mind training and character formation. The Greeks had a passionate love of form; they loved their own forms, the forms of their contemporaries of both sexes, the forms of their

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houses, temples, and cities, of their statues and pictures, their landscapes, and their poetry.'

To this analysis Coudenhove-Kalergi adds, in sentences hewn of stone: 'Nature played only a limited part in Jewish civilization. The Jewish God was a king, a teacher, and a judge. His law was the centre of gravity of the entire world. The records of ancient Hebrew literature are full of discussions between the Hebrew people and their God. The Bible is permeated by a harsher conception of life and more intense seriousness than one finds in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, the Hellenic equivalents of the Bible. There is almost no mention of cultivation of the body and little reference to veneration of nature. Plastic and pictorial art was held to be sinful and to offer a temptation to engage in idol worship. Ethics, not æsthetics, dominated life with absolute sway. Harmony with God and society was the essence of the ethical form that life assumed in Hebrew civilization. The essence of the æsthetic life pattern of the Greeks was harmony with nature, both human and cosmic.' Coudenhove-Kalergi takes a position outside the borders of the life of society and spares neither human types nor ideas. The widely known and widely connected leader of the Pan-European movement puts the rich people of Europe in their place in this book:—

'There are two basic types, the wealthy workers and the wealthy idlers. The wealthy workers are usually general managers of business concerns. They have neither leisure nor freedom to enjoy their wealth. They work harder and for longer hours than do most of their employees; their responsibilities and expenditure of nervous energy are greater. Their large incomes do not flow into their hands, but through them into the possession of wife or heirs. These rich workingmen have no use for their own money because they expend their time, strength, and imagination on their work. Their happiness does not proceed from money but has its source in their power, in the success of their enterprises. . . . They love their power and their work. . . .

'Side by side with these wealthy workers, who are relatively happy although they do not enjoy their riches, we find the wealthy idlers, who are unhappy in spite of the fact that they make use of their riches. They are the sons and grandchildren of rich workingmen. They consider themselves personages because they have been flattered from early childhood. . . . The strangest category of rich people is composed of the misers. Instead of using their riches they allow them to pile up, and enjoy and spend them in imagination only. They furnish the best illustration of the illusory nature of wealth. An intensification of imaginative play can become a substitute for the existence of an invisible and sterile bank account. Wealth becomes an illusion and illusion constitutes wealth.'

In the last analysis, Coudenhove-Kalergi's confession of faith is political, but he is not a simple parliamentarian. His conception of parliamentarianism is dualistic in that he advocates a lower house which would be subject to popular control and a second chamber of the legislature composed of the intellectual nobility of the nation. He is striving for a synthesis of democracy and aristocracy; therefore he calls his scheme a neo-

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aristocratic system. I cannot deny that at this point Coudenhove-Kalergi tends to oversimplify relationships that are extremely complex, and that just here his idealism takes on a preëminently Utopian cast. But there is truth in his analysis of the tendency of democracy to deaden personality, and no one who has an eye for the stagnation represented by all democracy can quarrel with his programme for the selection of political leaders.

There can be no doubt that in this book the physician has written out a wholesome prescription. The question is whether the patient is in a condition to avail himself of the remedy at his disposal. In this situation Coudenhove-Kalergi's innate, imperturbable faith attains significance. It is the spectacle of this deep-seated steadfastness of belief that gives Coudenhove-Kalergi's confessional volume its rare value.

DAWN IN INDIA. *By Sir Francis Younghusband. London: John Murray. 1931. 10s. 6d.*

(Edward Thompson in the *Observer*, London)

TWENTY years ago I heard a Gloucestershire policeman noted locally for taciturnity explaining his conversion. 'It was this way. I have to spend a lot of my time alone—and thoughts used to come to me.' After he had gone the village undertaker broke silence suddenly. 'You know, sir, what he said was *true*. When a man's alone thoughts *does* come to him.' Now the British in India, when massed in hill station or provincial capital or Delhi, think as a community—and I prefer to keep under my own hat my opinion of community thinking. But there are many whose work means years of compulsory loneliness, which is why a wide latitude of nonconformity is tolerated. Every honest man is allowed to house at least one bee in his bonnet. I maintain that the most interesting talk in the whole world is that of a few Englishmen who have drifted together for dinner on a Burmese steamer or in a regimental gathering on some frontier or in an Indian upcountry station, and have an evening before them. A large part of it is almost thinking aloud, a great deal is reminiscence.

But this individuality is worked into the pattern of a tradition older and wider and deeper than is commonly recognized. Just as the Indian controversy, in the wretched simplification which our sentimentalists and the American freedom-enthusiasts have given it, is a struggle between one kind of Englishman and one kind of Indian, both always rigidly true to type, so the whole position is discussed as if Britain's connection with India were a matter of yesterday. We have been in India for a longer time than our race has been in Connecticut, and have gathered up into our tradition other strands equally old. After I had met an extremely British officer with a French name in our lines before Kut the colonel of a Sikh battalion told me: 'There has always been a L—— in the Sappers ever since we had any frontier in India.' The problem would be simpler if these bonds of union and tradition, each strengthened by the long process of affection and emotion experienced in one generation after another, did not exist. The British-Indian controversy has more than one mark of a family quarrel. Each side knows enough about the other to be able to misrepresent it effectively to

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any ignorant outsider who is interested enough to intervene.

Sir Francis Younghusband was born into a tradition, already old, of service to India. All that he heard prepared his mind to think well of Indians, as of comrades in arms. A book has been recently published, and in America made much of for the insight with which it handles what is called the psychological difficulty, which gives the reader the impression that the British in India habitually speak of Indians as 'niggers.' I hope *Dawn in India* will find American readers; and if this review finds any readers who accept the sweeping allegation I have cited, I would urge them to ask the first British officer of the Indian army that they meet what would happen to anyone who called Indians 'niggers' in his mess. Sir Francis Younghusband speaks for thousands more of our race when he insists that it has always been simply impossible for him to think of Indians except with affection and respect, and pride that it is our people who have been thrown into this intimate companionship with India.

His book contains studies of outstanding Indians who attract him as illuminating their country's spiritual life. Among these are Tagore, Ramakrishna, and Gandhi. He tells us how, when a subaltern alone with his men, on the further Chitral frontier, he read Tolstoi's *The Kingdom of God Is within You*. It swung him into an ecstasy of conviction, so that he sought to resign his commission and give himself to the contemplative life. Fortunately, he was dissuaded, and has given us the life we have seen, of the soldier-mystic, gentle, chivalrous, tolerant. His experience made him understand Gandhi's, and he criticizes the latter's political actions without any loss of sympathy or admiration for the man.

There are fascinating pages of reminiscence, sketches of the hill princelings who keep the feudal age alive in India, and of the great chiefs of Central India. Lastly, there is an exposition of the particular political position with which he has identified himself. His conception of the British-Indian connection is one of comradeship. Indians are not our brothers by race and speech; but a thousand battlefields that have seen us fighting shoulder to shoulder, three hundred years in which we have learned more of each other and have worked through tasks and trials no muse has sung, have made us brothers in arms and in the quest for reality. He would have us plainly declare that Indian opinion itself shall be asked to decide on the question whether self-governing India remain in the Empire or not. He holds that no other course is consistent with self-respect or with our record; and he argues on behalf of it, with characteristic gentleness and courage.

EMIL LUDWIG: GESCHENKE DES LEBENS. EIN RÜCKBLICK. *Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag. 1931.*

(Emil Ludwig in the *Tage-Buch*, Berlin)

(GUIDE for Hitlerite critics.) Emil with the fake name has at last presented the nation with his own portrait. It is a book of 860 pages, whereas 700 pages were enough for Napoleon. In a futile lie in the introduction he remarks that only one-third of the book is about himself, and he advises his reader in a fit of false modesty to skip that third. Why, then, did he write it at all? His attempt

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to indulge his vanity in the form of self-criticism remains false, and even the closing section, a Utopian diary of the year 1980 in which he tries to hold himself in check, breaks down by reason of its utter lack of humor. Of course, our heroic compatriot, whom the commercial Anglo-Saxons have dubbed the German Carlyle, depicts his Jewish forbears as heroes, although up to now we have never heard a word of them. The respectable pictures of his so-called ancestors are completely false and he has made no attempt to describe the Ghetto where he really originated.

Ludwig describes his youth with Hebraic impudence, telling how he stole papers from the woman who was later to become his wife, a crime committed years ago that we hope will soon get its just punishment. Growing up without beliefs or morality in the complete anarchy of an intellectual household, he developed an irresponsible, cold character devoid of a single German quality. One looks in vain for mention of Ludwig's German enemies, but his cool, calculating head never leads him into polemics. He uses none of the hearty speech of our noble soldiers. Since Ludwig evaded military education he lacks any real education of the heart. Of course all the statements he makes about the Central Powers during the War are false. We are well aware that he fled to Switzerland and wrote dispatches from Turkey and Austria.

Ludwig-Cohn affects a certain respect for Goethe, about whom he once wrote a brochure that presently appeared in three volumes in hostile foreign countries. He babbles about German music, but his enthusiasm for foreign claptrap like *Carmen* shows how base his real feelings are. Among the great men whom he has depicted from his own point of view we do not find a single one of our heroes, neither Ludendorff nor Blücher, Fichte nor Goebbels; only Einstein, the Jew; Schliemann, the internationalist; and Virchow, the demagogue. And Ludwig's other idols include Bernard Shaw, the Irish gossip; Thomas Edison, who stole so many German inventions; Masaryk, the deadly enemy of German Bohemia; King Victor Emanuel, who broke his word to us once but who we hope will keep it next time; and Madame Curie, whom every real German despises because of her Polish blood.

It is interesting how he exposes his own lowest instincts. Because he keeps his dogs shut up in a yard and because he is especially fond of depicting physically handsome men, he reveals himself as a sadist and a homosexual, vices peculiar to our enemies. Nor are we surprised that he married a Scotch woman in 1905, without thought of the fact that ten years later Scotchmen would be slaughtering our noble soldiers.

The author calls the Swiss town of Tessin his second home. There he has been allowed to pursue his mischievous work for the past twenty-five years and the celebrations that he holds in his marble palace bind him still more closely to a part of the world where so much scum from the sidewalks of Berlin has gathered. He makes a vain effort mournfully and modestly to convince us that he will no longer write about politics and biography, in which fields his Jewish eagerness for increasing royalties has so clearly revealed itself. He completely fails in his defense of the way he writes his-

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tory, remarking with a childish smile that he has never studied history in his life. He himself confesses that he once had no money at all, thus revealing his cynical desire to get rich writing second-rate books, whereas German authors write only for the Fatherland. The list of translations in twenty-five languages which his publisher includes in the book offers the best proof of the un-German character of his writings. But not a single book of Ludwig's has appeared in China, a country most friendly to us, or in the Cameroons, which were stolen from us. Even German negroes refuse to read the stuff.

THE METHODS OF THE OGPU. *By Vladimir Brunovski. London: Harper and Brothers. 1931. 9s.*

(*Times Literary Supplement*, London)

AS a non-Communist in the Communist State, M. Brunovski was exposed to the special risks that recent events have once again made plain. His account of his arrest and trial might, indeed, but for the fact that both were under the secret process of the Ogpu, have been taken from the proceedings in the so-called Moscow trial of specialists accused of plotting intervention. Like them, he was charged with having given secret information to the representatives of foreign powers. As in their case, none but obviously fabricated evidence was brought in support of the charge. And, as in their case, a ludicrous error was made in the fabrication—he was accused of being in relations with the Swedish Legation in Moscow at a time when there was no Swedish Legation in Moscow. Evidence, however, mattered little. M. Brunovski had courted arrest by becoming a Latvian citizen, and death by refusing to give up his citizenship in exchange for a post in the doubtful economic section of the Ogpu. That the death sentence passed on him was never carried out was due to his skill in smuggling details of his case outside prison. There it came to the knowledge of British representatives, who were not unnaturally surprised to learn of his alleged espionage on their behalf; of the late Dr. Nansen, who intervened with the Soviet Government; and of the Latvian Legation, which eventually arranged for his exchange against Communists held prisoners in Latvia. Exchange was a long process, and before it was finally effected M. Brunovski had spent four years in the prisons of the Ogpu. He put this time to good use, and has given here a record of his observations which constitutes the first complete account of these prisons we have had in English.

Conditions within each prison varied widely with the nature of the prisoners' offenses, supposed or real, and with their reaction to offers of espionage work. But in general, after the ordeal of 'the kennels,' which served as a place of preliminary detention, the first impression they gave was not unfavorable. The rations were of a quality good enough 'to preclude the possibility of death from starvation,' and they included a reasonable supply of tobacco. Parcels of food could be sent in by relatives, and, if M. Brunovski's experience is typical, usually reached their destination. The cells were swept three times a day and washed down twice a week. The manner of the guards, though cold, was much more correct than in the ordinary Soviet prisons. No bedclothes

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were provided, but underwear—an important matter in the Russian winter—could be obtained. Medical assistance was satisfactory, though 'whether you require to have your teeth seen to or not depends not on how you feel, but on the mood of the prison doctor.' Books, carefully selected but still welcome, were distributed once a week.

So much for the outside; it gave no indication of what lay beneath. Women were at the mercy of jailers who were left free to do their will so long as in so doing they betrayed no class principle. Most of the prisoners were men convicted on trumped-up charges,—M. Brunovski gives lists, the individual cases in which might be paralleled in any year in Soviet history,—but under the constant provocation they suffered in prison many of them signed 'confessions' of guilt that were afterward used to induce other prisoners to 'confess' in turn. Prisoners would be taken away in the middle of the night and subjected to third-degree examinations; 'particularly "brilliant results" are obtained by the G. P. U. when these methods are applied to women.' Another method, of which M. Brunovski cites one instance but which he suspected in others, was to drug prisoners before interrogation, so that they were afterward shown in court statements which indubitably bore their signature but of which they had no recollection. For prisoners strong enough to resist these methods there were the punitive cells, one of which was specially heated and another without sleeping shelf, heat, or light. In reserve, though in M. Brunovski's opinion rarely used, and then only on prisoners destined for execution, were the more straightforward methods of torture of which so much has been written.

The physical suffering, however, great though it was, was not to be compared with the psychological. Prisoners like M. Brunovski lived for years in their cells, shut off from an outside world with which they were forbidden to communicate, compelled to be ever on guard against *agents provocateurs* among both prisoners and warders, and with nothing but execution or exile to Solovetski to look forward to. A few committed suicide—only a few, M. Brunovski believes, because the experience of life in Soviet Russia had taught them to bear suffering. Others went mad. Others simulated madness. Still more, their nerves broken by the strain and their physique undermined by poor food and lack of air, yielded to the temptations put in their way and took service under the Ogpu. One or two, like M. Brunovski, continued throughout their imprisonment to maintain secret communication with the world outside and thereby kept hope alive. The ruses employed by the Ogpu's prisoners in their attempts to make their plight known to friends will one day make an interesting chapter in the history of prisons. M. Brunovski tells a few of them, but is not, for the sake of those still in prison, able to tell them in the detail we could wish. He is not an entirely impartial witness; though he at one time worked with them, he is an uncompromising enemy of the Bolshevists. But he is, in a discursive way, thorough; the charges he brings against the Ogpu are specific; and he displays, with a fairness in the circumstances altogether admirable, the two sides that go to the making of most human institutions.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Valéry Welcomes Pétain

IT WAS typical in the extreme of the chauvinism that permeates every class and calling in France that Paul Valéry, disciple of pure poetry, should have been the member of the French Academy selected to welcome Marshal Pétain as the successor in that body to Marshal Foch. Dressed in a uniform of horizon blue to which were pinned the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the *Croix de guerre*, and the *Médaille militaire*, the new Academician cut a gaudy figure. It was he who spoke first. 'Like the father of a family,' according to *Le Figaro*, he listed all the forces that rallied about him, especially at Verdun, and he expressed an almost Byrd-like gratitude for the sacrifices made by his underlings. But Foch was the man on whom he lavished the highest praise, for Foch was the spirit of fire who animated the French troops and who made possible a victory in which all France participated.

Then came Paul Valéry's turn. Again quoting from *Le Figaro*, we find that the man who now occupies the Academic chair once filled by the pacifistic Anatole France 'shared with all the vivacity of his intelligence the views of Marshal Pétain on the totally national character of the last war.' He did, however, 'speak of things in his own way,' because 'as a great artist he holds himself more or less aloof from everything that touches the nature of man and society'—a strange definition, which we shall not attempt to analyze here. But as long as M. Valéry hailed Pétain as 'the man of Verdun' and as the soldier who 'saved the soul of our army,' he received nothing but commendation from the daily press. The following observations on war were probably what caused disappointment among the Nationalists:—

'Let us talk sense. Time was when a war could really be justified by its results. It could be considered, although it was rather atrocious to do so, as a means of passing from one definite situation to another by force of arms. It could be an object of calculation. It was an affair between two parties executed by two armies. The field of debate was limited and so were the implements used and, finally, the conqueror took his winnings, grew more rich and powerful, and eventually enjoyed the advantage he had won.

'The political universe is quite changed, and cold reason, which in the past could speculate as to the benefits of some bloody enterprise, must now admit that it is lost in uncertainty. There are virtually no such things any more as localized conflicts, duels, closed systems of belligerents. Nowadays, a nation that goes to war cannot foresee what other nations will fight against it or with it. It embarks upon an incalculable adventure against uncertain forces for an indefinite length of time. Even when the outcome is favorable and victory achieved, the fruits must be disputed with the rest of the world and perhaps submitted to the decision of nations that did not fight. All that is assured is immense loss of human life and poverty suffered without compensation. . . .

'What a strange epoch it is. With awakened consciences and clear heads still faced with terrifying recollections, men can still dream of risking the game of death, although at the same time we are building laboratories where the secrets of tuberculosis and cancer are passionately attacked. Just a hundred years ago Balzac said, "Without even taking time to wipe from its feet the blood that extends to its ankles, has not Europe continued war without stopping?" Should we not say that humanity, clear-headed and reasonable as it may be, is incapable of sacrificing

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its impulses to its knowledge and its hatreds to its sorrows and is being swept away like a swarm of absurd, miserable insects who are invincibly attracted by the flame?'

Wilhelm Replies to Bülow

THE PUBLICATION of Prince Bülow's memoirs again reveals the ex-Kaiser in the familiar rôle of goat. The former Imperial Chancellor accuses Wilhelm of being responsible for the three major errors in Germany's pre-war foreign policy—the Kruger telegram, the *Daily Telegraph* interview, and the Agadir incident. Naturally the few admirers that the House of Hohenzollern still has left resent these charges and the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* has printed an article from the pen of one Dr. Trefz, who blames the Foreign Office and Prince Bülow for the three unfortunate episodes. The article declares, obviously on Wilhelm's authority, that the Emperor signed the telegram congratulating Kruger for his stand against the British in South Africa at the express request of the Foreign Office. In regard to the Agadir incident, Dr. Trefz insists that the Kaiser made his appearance at that French Moroccan port on board a German vessel of war at the instigation of Bülow, who apparently believed that such a gesture would intimidate the French and help the Germans to push through successfully the negotiations they were then conducting on the subject of African colonies. As for the *Daily Telegraph* interview, in which the ex-Kaiser gave the British all kinds of well-meant but impertinent advice, the Foreign Office was again consulted and again on the authority of Prince Bülow allowed a perfect hodgepodge of informal conversation to be laid before the British public as if it represented seasoned counsel.

We have already referred in this department to the story that Holstein owned a packet of love letters that a Polish musician wrote to Bülow's wife and that he was therefore able to blackmail the Chancellor into pursuing an anti-British policy. Whether or not this is true, there is a growing tendency to blame Bülow for many of the Kaiser's errors, and so well informed a writer as Harold Nicolson asserts in his life of his father that Bülow consistently duped the Kaiser, to the great detriment of the Fatherland. Emil Ludwig is probably more responsible than any other individual for the low opinion most people outside Germany have of the Kaiser's diplomatic capacity, and a few years ago, when Bülow was celebrating his eightieth birthday, Ludwig went out of his way to write a congratulatory article. The truth is that Bülow was a clever, attractive, but superficial man whose personality still exerts a strong enough influence to prevent our forming a final judgment of his services.

Britain's Talkies Come to

MR. JOHN MAXWELL, president of British International Pictures, the largest film-producing company in England, announces that the talkies have turned out to be a great boon to his concern. Up to the time when Al Jolson in *The Singing Fool* revolutionized the entire movie industry overnight, British films had been going from bad to worse, and during the first three months of talkie production Mr. Maxwell's outfit lay idle. American companies with more money to spend on experiments seemed to be winning a complete international monopoly, but presently the tide began to turn. British audiences, especially those in the provinces, found American speech and especially American slang difficult to understand, and when *Blackmail*, the first all-British talkie, made a great success, British producers understood what had really happened.

'What a relief,' said Mr. Maxwell, 'to hear pure English on the screen again. People said to themselves, "What a fine language we have!" You know yourself that when you live with something that is

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familiar, you often do not fully appreciate it. A man buys a rare chair; for a week he can look at nothing else, and then afterward he hardly notices that it is there. But if somebody should steal it—how keenly he feels the loss! Well, I believe that rather the same thing happened when the "talkies" came. People had to strain forward, listen to every word, puzzle over the new idioms, and try to enjoy the twang. And then along comes a film with scenes they recognize at once; they have seen most of the actors on the stage, and, best of all, they listen to an accent they know and an idiom they use themselves. The English language suddenly came to them as a new and exciting discovery.

'In any case they began going more and more to English films. I should say that our receipts have gone up from 50 to 70 per cent in the last twelve months. Of course, you are trying to reconcile that statement with the big success of some of the American films. But I don't pretend that the English film is knocking out lavish American productions like *Monte Carlo*, for instance. It is the second- and third-rate American films that are beginning to disappear.

'Of course, I think in the end that we shall dominate the whole English market. The "talkies" have given us a great many advantages. We have a great dramatic tradition that one can trace from Shakespeare and the Elizabethans up to our own Galsworthy and Shaw. We have, besides, a large number of trained actors and actresses. When the "talkies" arrived Hollywood was not so fortunate. They had to use stars, some of whom had not the faintest notion of how to speak their lines. Those exquisite creatures who, we liked to imagine, moved eternally in some eighteenth-century drawing-room—what a dreadful disillusionment it was when they began to speak. I am afraid it was the death of some of them.

'Most of our stars, on the other hand, had been trained in the theatre and needed no lessons in how to speak their lines. Then, again, we had other advantages of a more material kind. London was a better centre for making international films than Hollywood. We could bring German and French artistes over to England without a great deal of expense, and then use the same sets that had been built for the English version. To take them over to America would have been much too expensive. So Hollywood had to try American substitutes whose French and German accents were easily recognizable.

'Some of these mongrel films created quite a riot abroad. Even places like Brazil wanted their own films with their own language. The "talkies" suddenly seemed to release the spring of nationalism in every foreign audience. They had, indeed, a most interesting effect. In a sense the old silent film definitely encouraged international thought. People seemed prepared to watch unfamiliar scenes, architecture, people, habits, clothes, and so forth, and, the more they grew familiar with the customs of their neighbors, the more they learned to appreciate and understand them. The silent film was therefore a great aid to international feeling. But when the "talkies" arrived, the film had quite a different effect. One can not obviously push this trend of thought too far. The art of the "talkies" remains international, since no art can be confined within narrow limits. But language, in a sense, is an expression of nationalism, and "talkies" therefore at once aroused it. But to return to our own position. As I say, we could afford to do what Hollywood could not: we could afford to bring over foreign casts for our films. The expense was not great. We found that to make a German version of one of our films added only about 60 per cent to our costs.'

Miss France Wins

BY WAY OF preliminary to the annual selection of 'Miss Universe,' the foremost beauties of every European country gath-

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ered in Paris, where Miss France was chosen the loveliest woman on the Continent. The columns of *Comœdia* contain an amusing description of the contest that proves, among other things, that the nation of Descartes, Pasteur, and Sainte-Beuve has lost none of its distinction with the years. One after another, in too rapid succession to please the representatives of the press, the Misses Rumania, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and the rest passed from a large, gaily decorated room with a bar in it to the smaller jury room:—

'The jury table forms a horseshoe. In the centre is Maurice de Waleffe between Van Dongen and Paul Chabas. All around them stand attentive foreign gentlemen, dignified and smiling. Mme. de Waleffe grows excited. One of the prettiest girls has arrived, dressed in black.

'"Get up." She mounts the platform, walks, turns around, and smiles. A murmur of flattery rises toward her from the jury like incense.

'"The legs." Mme. de Waleffe herself raises the beauty's skirts.

'"Higher," says somebody.

'"Wait," replies Mme. de Waleffe as she raises the skirt with calculated slowness. Here we are. Three points for the face. Three points for the figure. Three points for the pose. Hop! Next! M. Chataigner grows angry at the photographers, who are really indiscreet and shout, "I can't see you there! Take off your clothes!"

'At about half past five the jury deliberates. The end has come. Who will be Miss Europe? A delicate choice. They look them all over again. They vote. It is decided. Miss France will become Miss Europe. Bravo, Mademoiselle! And she is very lovely, too. She is twenty and wears a big blue dress and has beautiful shoulders. Born at Villeneuve-sur-Lot, she has already been Miss Gascony. She has won her spurs quickly. The province, then France, and to-day Europe. What of to-morrow? Ah, Mademoiselle Jeanne Juilla, with your brown hair, your twenty-year-old smile, your eyes like deep waters with blue and green reflections in them, what will you be to-morrow?'

Futurist Cooking

SIGNOR F. T. MARINETTI, member of the Italian Academy and leader of the futurist movement in Italy, has launched a manifesto in behalf of futurist cooking. It opens with this stirring appeal:—

'Italian futurism, after twenty years of great artistic and political battles that have often ended in bloodshed, is to-day again courting unpopularity with a programme of integral renovation of the cuisine. Although we recognize that undernourished men have created great things in the past, we affirm this truth: that one thinks, dreams, and acts according as one eats and drinks. We feel the necessity of preventing the Italian from becoming cubic and shortsighted, fat and blind. Let him rather harmonize himself ever more closely with the light, spiral, Italian transparence, composed of passion, tenderness, light, will power, vigor, and heroic tenacity. Let us prepare ourselves with agile bodies for the extra-light aluminum trains of the future that will replace our heavy trains of iron and steel. Convinced that the most agile people will triumph in future competitions, let us prepare now the most suitable diet for an existence that will be more aërial and rapid.

'We proclaim that these are the chief necessities: First, the abolition of the *pasta asciutta*, which is the absurd gastronomic religion of Italy. *Pasta* does not agree with Italians. It places an obstacle in the way of the vivacious spirit, of the generous, intuitive, and passionate soul of the Neapolitans. The defenders of *pasta* go about with balls of it in their stomachs, like galley slaves with their balls and chains. Secondly, the abolition of weight and volume as factors in appreciating food. Thirdly, the abolition of traditional condiments. Fourthly, the abolition of the daily mediocre repetition

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of certain pleasures of the palate. We invite chemistry to give us as soon as possible the calories that the body needs and that we can absorb in the form of powders or pills containing the proper quantity of albumin, carbohydrates, and vitamins. Thus we shall lower living costs and wages, at the same time reducing our hours of work. Machinery will become a servile proletariat at the service of human beings, who will be almost entirely relieved of manual occupation. Daily work will be reduced to two or three hours and the rest of the time will be ennobled by philosophy, the arts, and the digestion of perfect meals.'

He then gives two recipes, one for salmon, the other for woodcock, but what interests him most is the way the food is served. Two futurist painters, Fillia and Prampolini, have provided suggestions, the latter having designed a dish called 'Equator plus North Pole.' This is composed of an equatorial ring made of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs with bits of orange stuck into them here and there. In the centre rises a white-of-egg cone whose summit is crowned by truffles cut in the shape of airplanes. But such startling arrangements are not enough. The perfect meal calls for these attentions, too:—

'The abolition of the fork and knife so that the plastic ensemble will give a greater anteprandial pleasure to the touch. The development of an art of perfumery to stimulate digestion. Each dish should be preceded by a perfume wafted over the table by a ventilator. Music, but only between courses, so that it will not destroy the sensibilities of the tongue and the palate, but will efface the preceding savor and thus restore a state of digestive virginity.

'The abolition of eloquence and political talk over the table. The temperate use of poetry and music as improvised ingredients to increase the savor of some dish by virtue of their sensuous intensity. The rapid presentation to the diners, between courses, of certain dishes that they will eat and certain others that they will not eat, with a view to exciting curiosity, surprise, and the imagination.'

'God Save the King' Revised

THE HOSPITABLE correspondence columns of the London *Times* have launched a controversy on the subject of the British national anthem that finally reached the House of Commons. The Very Reverend William Moore Ede, dean of Worcester Cathedral, passed on to the editor of the *Times* an anonymous letter he had received containing a suggested revision of the second verse of 'God Save the King,' which now contains this lamentable passage:—

> Confound their politics.
> Frustrate their knavish tricks.
> On thee our hearts we fix.
> God save us all!

The letter began as follows:—

My dear Dean,—

I have just received the usual preliminary notice of the Gloucester Three-Choirs Festival.

Two years ago, at the Worcester Festival, when the national anthem was being sung, my wife turned to me at the end of the first verse and said, 'Surely they are not going to sing the second verse in a cathedral?' Last September, at Hereford, she said exactly the same thing at the same moment. It comes with the same shock every time. The older I grow the less I feel able to bear it. I think everybody feels nowadays that 'Confound their politics, etc.,' is unchristian, indecent, disgraceful anywhere, in a church blasphemous, and in a cathedral a brawling obscenity.

The difficulty is to provide a substitute. The official course would be to ask Masefield for one. But he has a reputation at stake, and is too good for the job. It would be all right if what is wanted were a new

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anthem, like the one Shelley wrote. But what we need is only a patch on the old one, for I take it that we should preserve every presentable line of the familiar verses. The patch must not be a purple one, with a powerful individual style like the tartan of a Scottish clan. Any touch of cleverness or originality or personality or rare felicity of wording would be quite out of place. The patch must be by an unknown tailor and be exactly like the garment. That rules out any of the great guns of literature.

Walking the hills one night the dean's correspondent was visited by a rain of inspiration that yielded this harvest:—

O Lord our God arise
All our salvation lies
In thy great hand.
Centre his thoughts on Thee
Let him God's Captain be
Thine to eternity
God Save the King.

or,

Centre her thoughts on Thee
Let her God's handmaid be
Thine to eternity
God Save the Queen.

The letter closes with these words:—

'It is absolutely necessary that your colleagues shall be able to assure the King that you do not know the author of the new lines if by any chance he should accuse you of having called in an expert. I have typed this with my own hand to keep the secret. So

DO NOT GUESS WHO'

VICKI BAUM IN MOSCOW

VICKI BAUM, author of *Grand Hotel*, has lately returned from Moscow, where she found that women under Communism are no less eager than their capitalist sisters to attract the men, but that they are suffering from a shortage of everything except cosmetics. In the course of an article in *Die Dame* she writes as follows:—

'A Russian friend of mine in Berlin urged me just before I left for Moscow to take along some rouge for her sister. For that is what they lack more than anything else. She also begged me, if I could, to take along some perfume, too. I followed her advice, but found on arriving at Moscow that rouge and perfume were the only things that did not seem to be lacking. Perfumes are one of the few products that can be bought in Moscow. Most Bolshevist women color their lips with the brightest kind of lipstick. Almost all of them have their hair carefully cut and waved and they are always singing the praises of their innumerable hairdressers. I had imagined that they would have a weakness for long hair done up in a knot behind, for this style harmonizes well with the round, tranquil faces that one keeps meeting in the commissariats and factories. I believed that dull dresses in a sober style and simple coiffures would characterize the highest proletarian spheres of society. And, as a matter of fact, there are no elegant women in Soviet Russia, for one can hardly dress expensively in a country where famine reigns. Yet Russian women have remained feminine, and in spite of all attempts to bring them to one level, the eternal feminine keeps asserting itself. In the theatres one never sees well-dressed women, only comrades, yet one notices that despite their informal dress they are abundantly perfumed. In a home for reclaiming prostitutes, the woman in charge told me that a great quantity of women become prostitutes to buy themselves silk stockings. Indeed, I noticed that in the eyes of young Soviet women a pair of silk stockings was the symbol of everything they did not possess.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Maurois Reports on America

BACK from four months of teaching at Princeton University, André Maurois has delivered this encouraging interpretation of the present condition of the United States. It may serve to mitigate, somewhat, the gloomy picture presented by Stephen Graham elsewhere in this department:—

We Europeans have the most extraordinary conception of America, and when I left Paris to proceed to Princeton, where I had been offered a chair of French literature, many of my friends expressed great sympathy. 'Poor old fellow,' said one of them, 'don't go to America; you will never come back alive. America is a country so agitated that you will never have one moment's leisure. It is a country where noise is so constant that you will be unable ever to get a decent night's sleep; a country where men die at forty years of age from excess of work, and where women leave their homes every morning to take a part in the universal agitation.'

'Wit and intelligence' (continued my friend) 'are of little account over there. No one talks but in terms of money. You will find a civilization replete with every modern comfort, but entirely lacking in spiritual aims. Have n't you read of the slaughterhouses of Chicago, and does not the prospect of coming up against those bands of brigands who assassinate their victims in the middle of Broadway frighten you? Honestly, I am very anxious on your account, for you have a wife and children.'

Well, I have spent four months in Princeton, New Jersey, and the impressions that I have received would amaze my friend. In the first place, the severe financial crisis through which America has been passing has had a very sobering effect on the nation. The striving after material benefits, which hitherto dominated every other consideration, has given place to a wonderful spiritual rebirth.

All values have been revolutionized. Gone is the economic chauvinism that Americans blatantly paraded before the world. Gone, too, is the colossal conceit born of an excess of financial prosperity. The Americans have become more rational and provident. They have been sobered by vicissitudes, and very sensibly are submitting the economic conditions of their country to the closest scrutiny. They have, so to speak, awakened to reality, and, while their confidence is unshaken and their resolve to make good adamantine, you never hear them indulging in prophecy.

Read any article lately written on the crisis, which has involved millions of people in financial ruin, and you cannot help being impressed by the reflective and measured tone of its comments. 'Il n'y a plus d'emballements ni de prophétie. . . .' The Yankee has become canny. As I said in a lecture at Princeton, it is easy to see that 'une crise peut vider les poches, mais elle peut remplir les cerveaux.' Chastened in spirit and animated by an entirely new conception of the end in view, the Americans are now putting their house in order. There is no doubt that the crisis will be overcome.

Then I was much impressed by the younger generation. The young American of to-day is a very frank and outspoken individual, very liberal-minded and understanding. America need not be anxious of the future with this splendid race of young men and women now growing up. Of course, I can base my judgment only on what I saw in the East. Remember there are many Americas.

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The United States is far from being a unified or centralized nation such as we have in Europe. This fact strongly impresses the French visitor. And it differs almost as much from England. The federal form of government possesses many advantages, and a partisan of M. Briand's scheme of a United States of Europe would rejoice at seeing the vast difference that there is between the various types of American. In fact, 'les gens s'ignorent.' They lead their own lives, have their own local ambitions and differences, and provide a very illuminating object-lesson of the beauties of a decentralized state. Why, at Philadelphia, for instance, they appeared far more ignorant of what was happening in New York than the provincial Frenchman would have been!

American civilization is almost as varied as European. In the East it is essentially English and Puritanical in origin; in the West you come across old-fashioned people who have scarcely moved since 1860. These anomalies don't matter, however, for the country is very young and has boundless possibilities. All that is required is time for assimilation.

Never in the course of history has so prodigious an effort been made by any single nation to assimilate modern methods as that which is being made to-day in America. Just try to realize for a moment that there are no fewer than *one million* students in American universities at the present moment. The increase in the last few years has been so immense that the university authorities have been unable to cope with it. It is impossible to provide an adequate teaching staff, and the result has been that classes are often so huge that the professor cannot deal with them. In many cases the number of hours of instruction available for each student has been halved so as to allow everyone to get a modicum of lectures.

This problem has become one of the dominating questions of the day, and the American authorities are hard at work trying to devise a homogeneous system of education that will ensure that all these efforts after culture do not go to waste. The young American of to-day has a thirst for knowledge and culture that is unequaled anywhere else in the world, and his progress is as marked as his emulation is commendable.

American educationists are of the opinion, however, that an excess of intellectuals is almost as pernicious as a deficiency. Consequently they are trying to divert much of this energy into other channels and aiming at quality rather than quantity.

No one can understand American civilization without visiting America. That is why I should warn people against attaching too much credence to the sensational rumors that are continually being spread in Europe with regard to life in the States. It is, of course, essentially pleasing to hear of highway robberies and gangsters, but, believe me, neither gangsters nor women of easy virtue are characteristic of America. When I first came to the States I was prepared to be especially thrilled by the lawless actions of these modern highwaymen, but I confess that I have been far more thrilled by the America that I have seen in the university towns.

The majority of a country is never sensational. As Mr. Lippman, editor of the New York *World*, told me, 'The taste for the sensational is dead.' The press that has the widest circulation in America to-day no longer deals in trashy sentiment or melodramatic vaudeville. It is essentially serious, like the *New York Times*.

When I was in Princeton I lived as Americans do. The college authorities provided me with a house, and never once did I lock my door, even when I was away traveling. There was no need of it.

My conclusion is that if you come to America looking for gangsters and divorces you will find them, and it won't be very difficult; but if you want to know the real America, travel a bit inland, and

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you will marvel, as I do, at that wonder that is American civilization. 'Oui, il y a l'extraordinaire en Amerique, mais il y a surtout du banal.'

America's Bankrupt Middle Class

STEPHEN GRAHAM, who has described in book form his diverse adventures in pre-war Russia, in the front-line trenches of France, and in post-war America, has sent a cheerless dispatch from New York to the *Manchester Guardian*. Asserting that the world crisis is more serious in the United States than in any other part of the world and that the middle class is impoverished, he gives this account of the present state of the nation:—

The middle class has sold its bonds and stocks, and the rich have bought them up at a cheap price. The consequence is that the very rich are much richer than they were and the social abyss between the millionaires and ordinary people has become much wider. For many years the tendency has been for America to become the land of a hundred thousand very rich people and a hundred million poor. The Wall-Street debacle and the economic crisis have accelerated the dangerous process. It is true that the very rich complain that they also have lost a great deal of money. The market value of their fortunes has depreciated 50 per cent. But this loss is illusory. In effect they are much richer. They hold the stock and the property. They hold very much more than they did before. And their wealth must be held to consist in the actual tangible property rather than in the market value in dollars of their possessions.

The millionaires, under the illusion that they are poorer, have become exceedingly economical, and will not spend a cent more than they can help on anything. They are buying much less than formerly. The middle class, being heavily in debt and embarrassed, is also unable to buy. That is why the big industrial companies that depend on selling their products to the American nation have been unable to make recovery in capital value. It is one of the reasons why America and the world generally are confronted with a vast overproduction of commodities.

Because there is no dole in the United States, the results of unemployment are more dangerous there, he believes, than in Great Britain:—

Fortunately for England at this dangerous moment she has 'unemployment insurance.' We know at least definitely the number of our unemployed. And the money that is paid them by the state is, in a way, an insurance of social and political stability also. If England is almost free of revolutionary ferment at this moment it is largely due to the operation of unemployment insurance. But in the United States there is an alarming increase in lawlessness. The revolutionary and Communist movements grow daily in strength, and there have been surprising Red-Flag demonstrations both in Washington and New York.

The unemployed are being to some extent fed and clothed through charity, but despite the largely advertised schemes and donations there is not much real pity for the unfortunate. Everyone has lost money and is therefore aggrieved. Everyone is tired of his neighbors' troubles. It is pitiful to see thousands of men standing on the street corners in winter weather selling apples at five cents apiece and bearing the new business slogan of America: 'Buy Now.'

Money has disappeared from the interior of America as if by miracle. The withdrawals from banks have been staggering. The depositors have withdrawn their money, but do not seem to have reinvested it or taken it to another bank. It has just disappeared from view. The

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small provincial banks have endured the worst time in their history. First they were speculating and gambling along with the rest of America, and in many instances using their reserves as well as their deposits for the purpose. Then their customers began to withdraw everything. It is not surprising that hundreds of banks have failed and hundreds more are threatened. The failure of banks is regarded as news and is discussed in the newspapers, but the impoverishment of vast numbers of the population is overlooked. American business believes that something they call 'optimism' can cure all evils.

In America social prestige depends more on the dollar than on anything else. If its wealth were taken away the country would be merely an overflow of the illiterate of Europe with a sprinkling of erudite Anglo-Saxons. At the same time Europe should realize that the whole economic fabric of America is in danger, and that it cannot be destroyed without tremendous effect upon life in every country of Europe.

Criticizing Stimson

SECRETARY STIMSON'S speech on the Monroe Doctrine and his apology to Mussolini for the Smedley Butler incident have been greeted by three tart paragraphs from the editor of the Conservative *Saturday Review* in London:—

Mr. Stimson's speech on the Monroe Doctrine and its implications may or may not have been intended as a reply to British commercial activity in Latin America, but I do not imagine that it will carry much weight with those to whom it is addressed. Indeed, the Secretary of State's claim that the United States merely interprets the Monroe Doctrine as enabling her to protect the Latin American nations against European aggression will be ridiculed south of the equator.

As for Mr. Stimson's claim that his country regards its Latin neighbors as equals, I have no doubt that Buenos Aires will be duly grateful for this latest evidence of North American condescension. At the same time, it hardly accords with the presence of Yankee marines in Nicaragua and Haiti. No, reluctant as I am to say so, I am driven to the conclusion that Mr. Stimson was talking through his hat, and his discourse is likely to do his country more harm than good.

While on the subject of American hats, however, it is clear that they can be raised, as well as talked through, where the foreigner is concerned. Every European, I imagine, must have chuckled as he read of the way that Washington groveled to Rome over some obscure major general's attack on Signor Mussolini. *Toujours la politesse*, of course, but I cannot help wondering if the climb-down would have been quite so complete had there not been a large Italian vote in the United States, and had the presidential election not been next year.

A German Woman Judges Her American Sisters

EMMY KLINGER, writing in the *Prager Tagblatt*, a German-language daily published in Prague, makes these observations about the women of America:—

What do American women wear and what do they eat? Both questions can be answered with the same word: little. I am not speaking of the upper ten thousand but of the middle-class women in the big cities. Central heating, which leads to overheating, especially in business offices, hotels, and public resorts, has caused the American woman to wear silk clothes and silk underwear the whole year round. Both her silks and stockings she washes every evening in water that is heated by her central heating apparatus, and in consequence a great saving in laundry is

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effected. Most women's clothes are designed and made luxuriously and their evening clothes in particular are much more expensive and theatrical than the evening clothes of European women in similar circumstances. Pompous evening coats, expensive evening shoes, and elaborate evening stockings are all of American origin.

On the street American women, even little sales girls, wear fur coats bought on the installment plan. Students, both men and women, wear a characteristic kind of long-haired fur coat reaching to their ankles. But the most striking figures on the streets are the negresses, who try to keep up with the styles and wear bright coats and hats to set off their faces. It is also significant that negroes, both men and women, look much more decorative in uniforms, whereas in European clothes they seem to be wearing costumes.

Everyone knows that we have learned from the Americans how to use powder and lipstick, but we do not yet employ them so extensively. The different position American women occupy and the greater opportunities for leisure they enjoy give them more time to care for themselves and to devote themselves intensively to their toilets. This is not done only to attract men; it is much more a product of competition among women themselves. Women in America are much thrown upon each others' society, since they generally do not see their menfolk until evening. Thus they spend most of their days together, shopping, in hotels, or in clubs, and it is no secret in Europe that American women are much more attracted to other women than to men.

In the big cities men generally eat their noonday meal in restaurants, since they live too far from their offices to go home for lunch. Therefore, since schoolchildren generally take lunch at school, the American housewife has to cook only one meal a day besides breakfast, that being dinner, which is served between six and seven o'clock. The fashion for slender figures has made women confine themselves as a rule to nothing more than a sandwich or vegetable salad in the middle of the day, and we European housewives are often amazed at how little our American guests eat. This is due to the fact that Americans have such good milk and butter that these two foods alone provide the bulk of their nourishment. Their meat, however, is rather too dry for our taste, since they have no specially fattened birds or animals. The worst item on their bill of fare is chicken, the national fowl, which is eaten in the form of chicken sandwiches or chicken salads which always contain very dry slivers of white meat.

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COMING EVENTS

ARGENTINA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 25, Independence Day.

AUSTRIA

GRAZ. May 11, Automobile Pageant with Flower Show.

HALLSTATT. May 4, Corpus Christi Procession.

VIENNA. Sundays, April 15–June 28, Exhibitions of Spanish Riding School; *Sundays, April 15–May 31*, Popular Orchestral Concerts, Church Concerts; *April 16*, Concert of Wiener State Opera Chorus; *18*, Vocal Concert, Professors Luze and Grossmann, Conductors; *22*, Wiener Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Reichwein, Conductor; *May*, International Food Chemists' Congress; *May 15*, Derby; *17, 24, 25*, Automobile and Motorcycle Races; *26–31*, International Congress of Ecclesiastic Psychology; *June*, International Congress of Psychopaths, International Dressmakers' Congress; *1–13*, International Postgraduate Course in Medicine; *5–8*, Bridge Congress; *7–21*, Vienna Festival Weeks; *8–13*, International Hospital Congress; *14*, International Automobile Races; *22–26*, Rotary Convention.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

LUHAČOVICE. June 7–9, Music Festival; *9–21*, International Lawn-Tennis Tournament.

PARDUBICE. June, Exhibition of Sport and Physical Culture of the Czechoslovak Republic; *4*, Hunters' Day and Cynologic Day, Football Match for the Middle European Amateur Cup: Czechoslovakia *v.* Hungary.

PRAGUE. May 30–June 7, Agricultural Exhibition; *31*, Rowing Match; *June*, Slavonic Scouts' Jamboree; *5–8*, International Agricultural Congress; *27–28*, Athletic Championship Matches for Men.

FRANCE

PARIS. May 9, opening of the Paris Trade Fair.

GERMANY

BADEN. June 24–26, Sixth International Automobile Tournament.

BAD NAUHEIM. May 11–17, Nordic Week; *June 8–14*, Richard Strauss Week; *16*, Kurpark Illuminations; *17–21*, International Dancing Week; *24*, International Clay-Pigeon Shooting; *27*, Summer Night's Festival.

BAD NEUENAHR. May 12, International Hockey Tournament; *June 14*, Riding and Jumping Tournament; *28*, Dancing Tournament.

BAD WILDUNGEN. May 24–25, Automobile Tournament.

BERLIN. May 9, opening of German Building Exposition.

BRESLAU. June 7–10, Congress of German Gas and Water Experts.

DORTMUND. April 24–May 3, Seventh Westphalian Restaurant Fair.

DRESDEN. May 15, opening of International Hygiene Exposition; *22–25*, Congress of German Magnetopaths.

DÜSSELDORF. May 14–17, Riding and Driving Tournament.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. April 25–26, Ninth Annual Exposition of the German Dog Fanciers' Exposition; *May 24–25*, Congress of the German Society of Gynecology, Congress of the Royal British Institute for Public Sanitation; *24–29*, German Teachers' Congress; *June*, International Clock-Trade Exposition.

FREIBURG. May 8–10, Bruckner Festival; *13*, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Furtwängler, Conductor; *15*, Grand Alemannic Week.

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GÖRLITZ. May 19–24, Silesian Music Festival.
HALLE. May 24–25, German-Language Society Congress, Kant Society Congress, Costume Festival of the Salt Miners' Guild.
HANOVER. June 2–7, Thirty-Seventh Itinerant Exposition of the German Agricultural Society; *14–17*, Centenary of the Technical University; *20–21*, Centenary of the Associated North German Singing Societies.
HEIDELBERG. May, Heidelberg Music Festival.
KÖLN. April 19–22, Furniture Fair; *28*, Congress of German Engineers.
LÜBECK. May 14–15, Opening Festivities of Baltic Sea Year 1931.
MAGDEBURG. May 10, Congress of the Evangelical Association.
MANNHEIM. May 4–6, 'May Market' and Spring Horse Races.
ROTHENBURG. May 24, Historic Shepherds' Dance; *25*, Fiftieth Anniversary of the *Meistertrunk*.
STETTIN. June 14–21, Congress of German Mechanics.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. May 9–18, Budapest International Fair; *10*, Horse Racing.

ITALY

ABBAZIA. May 11–12, Tennis Tournament; *12*, Air Raid.
FLORENCE. May 1, Horticultural Exposition; *7–8*, International Congress of the Society for the Protection of Animals; *9–10*, International Dog Show; *13*, International Experiments with Police Dogs; *29–31*, European Girls' Athletic and Dance Festival.
GARDONE. May 9–17, Second International Motor-Boat Congress.
GENOA. June 28, Automobile Races.
GUBBIO. May 15, Candle Feast.
MILAN. May 5, 12, International Tennis Championship Matches.
PADUA. May 1–15, Exposition of Modern Sacred Art.
ROME. May 24, International Motorcycle Races; *June 4–7*, Horse Races.
SAN REMO. April 21, Flower and Folklore Festival.
VENICE. May 1, opening of the International Physical Education and Sports Exposition; *8–11*, Women's Gymnastic Meet; *11–12*, International Congress of Physical Education; *14–17*, Men's Gymnastic Meet.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. April 30, Walpurgis Night, Arrival of Spring; *June 6*, Swedish Flag Day; *23*, Midsummer Eve.
STOCKHOLM. May 14–17, International Motorcycle Race; *15–31*, International Air Exhibition; *June 5–7*, Royal Swedish Yacht Club Races; *17*, Football Match, Sweden *v.* Germany; *20*, International Athletic Sports.

SWITZERLAND

DAVOS-PLATZ. June 1–7, Grisons Cantonal Singing Fête.
FLUMS-SPITZMEILEN. June 7, Fifth Summer Ski Race.
GENEVA. May 9–10, International Dog Show; *June*, International Labor Conference; *27, 28*, Swiss Costume Fête.
HUNDWIL. April 26, People's Parliament.
LUCERNE. June, International Fencing Tournament.
MONTREUX. May 27–29, International Hair-Dressing Display; *June 6–7*, Narcissus Festival.
MORGES. May 31, June 7, Horse-Racing and -Jumping Competition.
ST. GALLEN. June 15, Uphill Race for Motor Cars.
ZÜRICH. April 29, Celebration of the University Foundation Anniversary with Torch Procession; *May 2*, Concert by the Concert-Hall Orchestra of Amsterdam; *June 9*, Concert by the 'Revelers' at the Tonhalle; *end of June*, Night Fête on the Lake with Ball at the Tonhalle.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

ists will take a good deal of comfort in his words, but he has seen too many lands and peoples to be able to believe that any one political solution offers the way out.

OUR two essays on the Orient are poles apart. A sympathetic French visitor to Japan praises the nation's artistic taste and its disciplined way of life, yet he leaves one without any overpowering sympathy for such a self-sufficient and ambitious people. Like the French, the Japanese are built to live on this earth, and M. Féral certainly does not intend to cast any but the gentlest aspersions on them. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, on the other hand, is a typical Anglo-Saxon bearer of the white man's burden. He has lived in China far longer than M. Féral has lived in Japan and his suspicions of the demands for liberty and self-government that have been coming out of China ever since the Boxer Rebellion are based on experience. Yet one wonders whether the Orientals are quite as sinister as he paints them, especially since his idea of what is good for the Chinese coincides exactly with what is good for the white men who live in their midst.

ALTHOUGH Alfred A. Knopf has brought out several of André Gide's novels in translation, most Americans are not so familiar as they should be with the man who unquestionably exercises more influence on French literature than any other living writer. Marcel Arland's discussion of Gide's work gives a very just picture of the man, for it does not end on a commendatory note at all. Gide has written as many different kinds of books as Picasso has painted pictures, but only lately has he achieved any kind of synthesis. Our 'Books Abroad' department contains an excellent review of Gide's latest work, *Œdipe*, and it should be read as a sequel to M. Arland's penetrating essay.

WALTER MITTELHOLZER'S account of his flight across the Sahara and over a large portion of the Niger basin does not represent his first experience with air travel in Africa. A year ago we printed his description of a flight up the River Nile, where he went to shoot lions. This time his purpose was more practical and he prophesies that powerful airplanes similar to the one in which he flew will soon put Africa in close touch with Europe.

ONLY two months ago we presented two short essays by Egon Friedell on Byron and Hans Andersen. This time he writes at greater length of Carlyle, whom he calls the 'hero as thinker.' The essay was written to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Carlyle's death and it offers another bit of evidence as to the great vogue that English literature has come to enjoy in Germany since the War. Yet it contains one characteristic German touch. Friedell insists that Carlyle typifies the Germanic as distinguished from the romantic hero, since he struggled with the world of reality and did not spend his time jousting with dragons and jesting with ladies.

GERALD GOULD reviews some half-dozen novels each week for the London *Observer* and contributes a weekly essay to the *Week-end Review*. His present offering reveals him playing both rôles at once, since he uses his experience with novels of every description as material for a parody of every form of fiction that is offered on the market to-day.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE next war, if it comes, would be fought by poison gas, directed against the men, women, and children of the civilian population. That prospect is not a fantasy; it might only too easily become a fact! But, personally, I am confident that the next war will *not* come. I believe that to abolish war is a desire uppermost in the minds of most people to-day. We are all beginning, tentatively perhaps, but genuinely, to have a feeling of our common humanity, that we all belong to one great community embracing all the nations of the world. It is in the friendly intercourse of nations, in the growth of this common consciousness of which I speak, that the real hope of future peace lies. —*Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary.*

I believe that more and more the resources which have gone to support armies and navies will be devoted to peaceable ends and that the attainment of the pacific ideals and objectives of our age, attuned to the conscience of humanity, will secure increasingly the goals of our two great republics.—*Honorable Walter E. Edge, American Ambassador to France, on receiving the degree of Doctor Honoris Causa at the University of Nancy.*

I fought in the war as a soldier in the ranks. I know what war means. The terrible memories of those years, when whole generations of the youth of so many countries were laid low by the hail of lead, have not been dispelled from my mind. I myself was seriously wounded. In the years that have since elapsed and at the present time, both as a man and as head of the Government, I have before me the panorama of the political, economic, and moral consequences of war, and not in Italy alone.

How can anyone suppose that with this twofold experience I could consider with anything but horror the prospect of another war? Even if it were to arise between two countries only, a war nowadays inevitably would become a general war. Civilization itself would be endangered.

New discoveries of science would make another war even more dreadful than the last. The danger of death would not be reserved for the fighters, but whole populations would be imperiled without the possibility of effective protection. Italy—let me repeat it—never will take the initiative in starting a war. Italy needs peace. Fascism desires to secure for the Italian people, in coöperation with all other peoples of the world, a future of prosperity and peace.—*Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy.*

The developments of the last few years have shown again how little we are justified in leaving to the governments the fight against armaments and the military spirit. But even the creation of huge organizations of pacifists in itself can bring us only little nearer our goal. I am convinced that the only way is the denial of military service. This must be supported by organizations which in different countries will materially and morally support the brave and courageous war resisters. It is in this way that we can make the pacifist problem a vital one and that it can become a real fight which will attract strong characters.

It is an illegal fight, but a fight for the real right of the people against their governments when they demand criminal actions from their citizens.—*Dr. Albert Einstein.*

'Let us abolish the army I did not fight in, let us cease building the ships I did not serve in, let us love the Germans I did not fight against, let us hate the French and Italians who fought at the side of other Englishmen braver than I.' This is the inward prayer of the 'conchy' and his mates, and much of our trouble to-day comes from the fact that the too tolerant public listens to the outward self-glorification of the man who stayed behind and does not take in the inward meaning of the perpetual and suggestive propaganda.—*'National Review,' British Conservative Monthly.*

Your economic prosperity rests ultimately on your ability to defend it. Your prosperity may mount to dizzying heights. But it can be absolutely shattered and your commerce ousted from every sea by one naval battle lasting two hours, if your fleet is defeated as the Russian fleet was defeated by the Japanese.

Never has any nation lasted long when its wealth increased and its means of defending it did not increase adequately.—*Rear Admiral Fisk, U. S. N., Retired.*

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